JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 1, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 961. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1924. TWOPENCE.

Mason's "O.K." the cold meat Sauce

NET PAID SALES EXCEED 850,000 WEEKLY

The Tragedy of an Outcast

BY

LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE CECIL

TO CURE RHEUMATISM WITHOUT DOSING

Also what to do for serious foot troubles.

Painful gout, lumbago, sciatica, and other uric acid disorders, also any bad foot troubles, such as achings, tenderness, callouses, corns, etc., disappear with remarkable rapidity. Prominent people explain the benefits derived from baths in hot water produced by adding a small quantity of the refined saltrates compound which all chemists can supply at slight cost.

Mr. **George Robey**, the inimitable Comedian, writes:

"I needed these Saltrates long before commencing to use them. Oh! *How* can I tell you my feelings in those days. Now I have no more tired feet or muscular strains. Do I still travel to Continental Spas? No, No—n'n'n' NO! I take my cure at home."

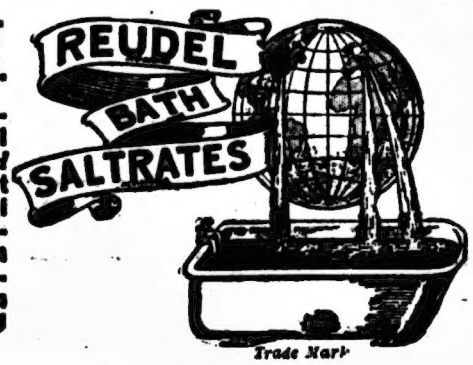
Miss **Phyllis Monkman**, the Musical Comedy Actress, writes:

"It is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet, or any other foot troubles. The medicated and oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous Spas."

Photo: Wratten & Bays

SPA TREATMENT AT YOUR OWN HOME.

Reudel Bath Saltrates, dissolved in plain water, will produce a highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* bath or foot bath, possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated bathing Spas.



Trade Mark

Not only **Geo. Robey, Leslie Henson, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott**, and many more famous actors and actresses, but hundreds of well-known people, including the world's champion boxers, athletes, trainers, members of famous football clubs and others use and highly recommend this remarkable compound.

Obtainable from any Chemist, price 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION. SALTRATES, Ltd., Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

Mr. **Leslie Henson**, the famous Comedian, writes:

"Avert a calamity by sending a fresh supply of Reudel Bath Saltrates. Have run right out of them. For refreshing and soothing tired, aching feet, it is the best thing I know—Hurry Up!"

Leslie Henson

Miss **Maidie Scott**, famous Music Hall artiste, writes:

"I should advise all who dance much—and who does not nowadays?—to soak the feet daily in a bath to which a small quantity of Reudel Bath Saltrates has been added. They will then never know what it means to have tired, aching feet."

Maidie Scott

Photo: Dobson

45/- Cash

6/- MONTHLY buys this smart Winter Coat.

Coats, Costumes, Coatfrocks, 30/- to £5. Price List Free.

MASTERS' "ASCOT"

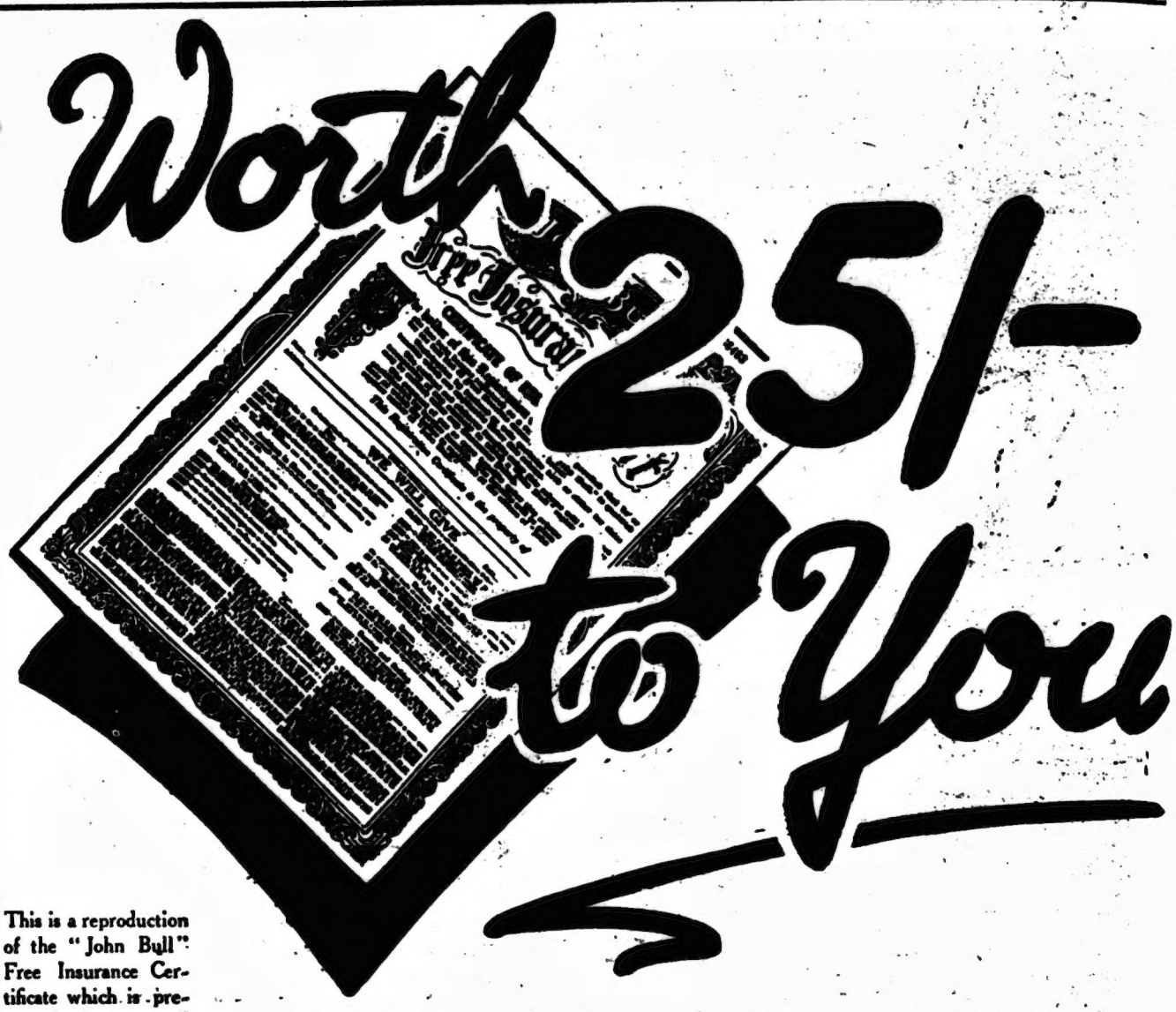
Ladies' Winter Coat as illustrated, is a Paper-production Tailor-made of all wool heavy Blanket cloth, built in the latest West End fashion gauged at sides, panel appearance stitched with Floss Silk, gauged collar and cuffs in Imi. Chinchilla Fur. Equal in appearance to the best Chinchilla Fur, wear guaranteed, a wonderfully pretty coat, price only 80/- on easy payments, 6/- now and 6/- monthly. Send 6/- and say which colour we shall send you Navy, Tan, Nigger, Beaver, Grey or Black.

SEND 6/- while there's the chance to obtain such a smart design and such wonderful value. The "Ascot" Coat is the most beautiful Coat you could wish to wear—it is a charming design that looks well and will wear well. Smart and stylish, it will keep you warm on the coldest of winter days, and the Imi. "Chinchilla" collar and cuffs create an attractive appearance that will appeal to you and be the envy of your friends. Send 6/- to-day. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Also supplied in Velour Cloth, price 65/-. Easy terms 6-now and 6-monthly. Price List Post Free.

MASTERS

83, Hope Stores, RYE.

JOHN BULL FREE INSURANCE GIFT



This is a reproduction of the "John Bull" Free Insurance Certificate which is presented free to all registered readers. Size of Certificate 13" x 10". You can receive this Certificate by signing the forms below.

JOHN BULL'S Great Gift would, if taken out through an Insurance Company, cost the reader at least 25/- per annum. It is the most generous, practical and comprehensive ever offered, providing as it does, benefits for damage by FIRE, FLOOD and STORM, as well as SICKNESS and ACCIDENTS.

***It is yours!*—in return for only two minutes of your time spent in signing the forms below. Delays are dangerous. Sign now!**

Eczema PSORIASIS, BAD LEGS, and all skin diseases completely and Permanently cured by KUREM HOME TREATMENT Famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send post card for free book sent under plain wrapper, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, Bradford.

FREE! FREE! FREE! We send absolutely free THE MYSTIC DANCING CHARLIE CHAPLIN to all who send postal order sixpence for our illustrated Catalogue of Magic Tricks, Puzzles, Jokes, etc. THE ECLIPSE NOVELTY CO., Dept. D, Francis Terrace, London, N. 19

CUT HERE

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To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age .....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 1/11/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 1/11/24.

FREE SOUVENIR COUPON!

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Please send me on three days' approval the 5/- JOHN BULL "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil, for which I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and clip). Cross P.O./cheque "& Co." and make payable to JOHN BULL. State if fine, medium, broad nib.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B., 1.11.24.

A Great Concession — Offer extended 6 Days!

There is such a big last-minute rush for the Free 2/6 Wembley Souvenirs that we have decided to extend the offer for six days. All applications received up to first post Friday, November 7, will be in time for this wonderful gift. Think! A 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil emblazoned in gold with Wembley insignia, FREE to every purchaser of the JOHN BULL "Empire" Pen, price 5/6, including clip and postage, fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib; equal to pens sold at 15/-. Two years' guarantee. Money refunded if not satisfied, provided Pen and Pencil returned in new condition within 3 days.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

'CEBEDENE'

(Registered) *Trench O'coat*

A CURZON COAT INVENTION THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY MAN AND BOY IN ENGLAND.

TRENCH O'COAT What does it mean?

Just this. The most efficient tempest proof storm coat ever invented, combining in addition a real cosy winter overcoat of smart cut and superior finish.

What is the "Cebedene" made of?

Tiptop quality strong material with deep storm collar, cuff straps, all-round belt. Two side pockets, thick rubber smart cheek lining, all seams doubly sewn and extra covered with real rubber solution, fleecy wool lining, cut so that it does not bulge or ruck, detached in a few seconds when your "CEBEDENE" is required as a storm coat only. Best finish, superior Curzon workmanship.

What does it do?

1. As a warm coat with wool lining attached inside, it keeps you snug and warm, keeps out the biting east winds, protects the back and chest, and imparts to the figure a smart soldierly appearance.
2. As a trench coat with wool lining detached it defies the fiercest deluge and keeps the body (right down to the ankles) perfectly dry. The seams cannot let in any water, and even dampness is efficiently excluded. Read our guarantee.

What does it cost?

Curzon's famous 'CEBEDENE' is supplied in all sizes for MEN & BOYS at the following revolutionary prices:

For MEN in FAWN or NAVY **25/6** Postage 1/- extra.

For BOYS in NAVY or FAWN **21/6** 1/- extra for postage.

How long is it guaranteed for?

"CEBEDENE" Trench O'coats are only obtainable from Curzon Bros., Ltd. Each bears a distinctive label. Every regd. "CEBEDENE" is guaranteed for ever to keep out rain, snow or any liquid. If you are not pleased with your purchase we will refund your money if you return the coat within 7 days, and if it lets in water during its lifetime we will give you a new coat free for the asking. There is no doubt about this guarantee, is there?

How can I get a "Cebedene"?

POST YOUR ORDER, enclosing remittance for cost and postage, and a "CEBEDENE" to fit you snugly will be sent by return. State colour required, give your height and chest measurement over waistcoat—that's all. You will get by return the smartest, safest and best wearing coat you ever purchased and we guarantee you will be delighted with it. All post orders to the Head Depot as under:

Post your order now, or call and select at these branches to-day.

WEST END: 431, Strand; 112, New Oxford St.; 58, Southampton Row.

CITY: 16, Ludgate Hill; 34, Liverpool St.; 76, Aldersgate St.; 103, Finsbury Pavement; 70 and 72, City Road; 35 to 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus.

WIMBLEDON: Hartfield Rd. (opp. Rly. Station).

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES: Market Place.

SUTTON: 129, High St.

RICHMOND and TWICKENHAM: 354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).

FOREST GATE: 39, Woodgrange Road.

FINCHLEY: 13, King's Parade, Church End.

WOOLWICH: 43, Hare St.

DEPTFORD: Chesham House, Broadway.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH: 72, Uxbridge Road.

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GRAYS: 71 and 73, High Street.

BRIGHTON and HOVE: 66, George Street, Hove.

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GET YOUR WINTER SUIT—NOW

Write for free bunch of splendid patterns and simple self-measurement form for the famous Curzon 3 Guinea Suit. This suit is an outstanding made to measure line, perfectly finished, splendid material, and cut by the smartest men's tailors in London. Also from 2 Gns. to 5 Gns. The patterns will prove the wonderful value our tailoring service offers. Send a postcard at once to address below.

63/-

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter. Mention John Bull.
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Please send me carriage paid under the GUARANTEE printed above.

.....Men's "Cebedene" at 25/6, plus 1/- for postage.

.....Boys' "Cebedene" at 21/6, plus 1/- for postage.

Height..... Chest measure (over waistcoat).....

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

If you require our suit patterns make x here.

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THE FAMOUS LONDON TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS.

Head Depot: 35 to 37, NEW BRIDGE ST., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

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Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets. A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS will relieve:

Headaches, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza, Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received over 20,000 letters from satisfied users in 9 months, which are open to inspection.

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

19387—Leading London Hospital (Secretary): "After a careful test we find Yeast-Vite as claimed and very satisfactory. We are now quite willing to purchase supplies."

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1723—Am pleased to say that three of my friends have benefited as much as I, since I recommended them.

13501—Rev. J. P.: I was led by a fellow-sufferer to try them, and have received considerable benefit.

1001—I think them splendid, and will certainly recommend them to all I know.

17500—I noticed a great change. My spirits brightened and I seemed to walk on air.

11609—Please send six boxes. They did me so much good I wish to distribute among my friends.

14721—I have recommended them to several patients and would thank you to send a box to each name on list enclosed.

16413—Am pleased to let you know that several of my patients have secured benefit from them.

10866—I had to borrow some from friends, our chemist being closed. I cannot be without them.

11030—Send by return post, as I cannot be without them. I suffer so with indigestion, and they relieve me immediately.

19426—They are a splendid tonic and they did me a great amount of good. I have been suffering from nerves since I left the Army four years ago.

14421—A District Nurse writes: "I find the tablets all you claim and am recommending them heartily in this district."

918—"I am thankful to say that I am so much better. I do not require the Insulin Treatment for Diabetes."

14777—"The effect on me has been wonderful both physical and mental."

10792—"My sister is so limp without them, I will be thankful to see the tablets arrive."

10706—"They have increased my son's weight 8 lbs. and improved his nervous system generally."

987—Such a splendid tonic. I shall recommend them on account of the great improvement in my health.

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Diabetes, Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, 29, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

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Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters.

YOUR PROTECTION. The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all offers in this section. You can send your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

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Exceptionally smart, beautifully tailored ALL WOOL heavy Blanket Cloth Coat, as sketch. Gathered collar, and at sides. Trimmed Floss Silk stitching. In all Fashionable shades for 4/- down and the balance in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all 28/6 or 29/- cash with order.

28/6

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Before placing your order elsewhere write now for Catalogue, Patterns and Self-measurement Form.

J.B. THORNE & Co
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FREE SEND 4d. ONLY

YOU RISK NOTHING.

For Gillette Pattern Blades only.

to cover packing and postage and we send you absolutely free Six Gillette Pattern Blades, together with one of these beautifully made automatic polished white metal

RAZOR BLADE SHARPENERS

which, having lateral as well as rotary, roller action, imparts a keen edge to the blade. Examine it, and if you agree that it is just what you are in need of send P.O. 7/6, otherwise return it to us within 3 days.

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LADIES' or GENTLEMEN'S 21/- For TRENCH COATS 14/6

"Greatest bargain ever advertised." Navy or Fawn, Double Breasted, rubber check lined, loose belt, buckle, ventilated tab, cuffs, comfortable, easy fitting. Stock sizes. Gentlemen: 34 to 42 in. chest over vest; Ladies' sizes. 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches length. Sent on approval P.O. 14/6 and 9d. postage, or patterns free.

World's Record Bargain. Gent.'s Superior Quality BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS ready to wear. Velvet Collar, Double Breasted, Vent Back. Send P.O. for 28/6 and 1/- postage, with chest measure over vest. Sizes: 34 to 42 in. chest. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

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BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS 28/6

Yours now for 6!

6/- Post Free. Anywhere Abroad 10/6

Post Free U.K.
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Full size, and not a frame-work, but solidly constructed and Polished Jacobean, with heavy Nickel plated Fittings—No loose parts or nuts to get out of order. "The Acme of Simplicity." Packs flat for travelling, light weight, and "Holds two pairs of Trousers." Send for this wonderful bargain to-day. Satisfaction or money back. A P.C. will bring you Booklet (Illustrated) containing "Hints on care of your clothes."

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FREE!

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7/6

H. SAMUEL
189, Market Street, LTD. MANCHESTER.

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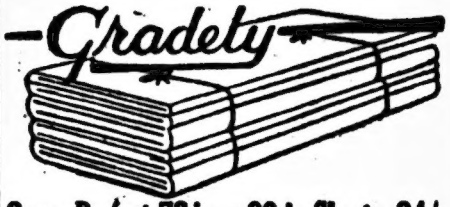

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SEND NOW. SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK. *P.O.s and cheques should be made payable to Grey & Co., and crossed /& Co./.*

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BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

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65/ CASH or easy payments from £3/6 monthly. Splendid Specifications.

Carriage Paid any Station England or Wales. Cycle Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.

HEARN CYCLE CO., LTD. (Dept. V.), 234, Grey's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

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OF GUARANTEED QUALITY

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The Finest Stocks of beautiful Furs in London to choose from. A visit of inspection invited or selections can be sent into the country on approval.

Call or Write NOW.

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Showrooms on First Floor.

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EVEN the most "level-headed" people believe in mascots. Thousands to-day are wearing JU-JU, the famous Nigerian Mascot, and hundreds have written to say how their "luck" has changed for the better. These quaint Mascots make fascinating watch-chain and bangle charms, and they do seem to win Fortune's smile for the wearer. Get one now!

Money refunded if not approved.

Sterling Silver, 5/- } Post
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SEND NO MONEY

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2/6 Weekly

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to all you pay for our No. 400A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 20-1/3% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and 132pp. art catalogue.

MEAD Cycle Company (Inc.), Dept. B657), Birmingham.

SILKODONO will make Your Hair Beautiful

Prove it—FREE

—give it that lustrous beauty you envy on others. More than an ideal dressing for men, women and children—it nourishes the hair as well and keeps it healthy. If your hair is dry or greasy, scurfy or irritating, Silkodono will soon make you marvel at its appearance and condition.

Test Silkodono at our expense. Send 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and a week's free trial bottle will be sent you by return with a 4d. Shampoon sachet, a delightful and cleansing shampoo.

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£7:15:0

Specification: 3-valve set, very powerful, all stations, work loud speaker, mounted on ebonite in handsome polished mahogany cabinet 14in. by 12in. by 9in. Original Price £18 10s. In guaranteed perfect order and ready for immediate use. Accessories include accumulator, phones, h.t. battery, valves, lead-in wire, aerial wire, insulators, plugs, &c. All sets British made.

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Only Genuine Bargains Offered.

Satisfaction or money refunded.

FREDERICK BURROUGHS, 58, CROMIN ROAD, PECKHAM, LONDON.

ALL-WOOL English Made KNITTED RIBBED SOCKS

We are offering under manufacturers' price hard-wearing socks in heather mixtures at the astounding price of 1/- per pair.

3 pairs 3/-,

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As an advertisement

Write enclosing Postal order for 3/- stating size of Boots worn.

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From 5/- Monthly

Every lady should write for the Graves Bargain Catalogue of genuine high grade furs. The newest exclusive styles in exquisitely matched skins. Keenest money-saving prices and Easy Terms. Finest values ever offered.

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Extra Strong Nickel Silver Lever, Timed and Tested, and supplied with written Guarantee for 10 years.

Also with Centre Seconds Chronograph Stop Watch 10/6 post free.

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Do not delay; call or forward order to-day to

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DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Carriage Paid on approval

Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

The Bolton VICTORIA Car for sitting or lying down £3-17-6

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

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GRAVES STYLISH OVERCOATS.

From 7/6 monthly

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us your with correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

WE DELIVER Overcoats to approved orders for a small payment with order. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for our full range of patterns and fashionable overcoat styles. Prices range from 45/-.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Peps owe their remarkable potency to the ingenious idea of sealing within a silver jacket certain volatile chest-strengthening medicines in tablet form.

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Vol. XXXVI. No. 931.
Week ending Saturday,
Nov. 1, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Our Readers' Prophecy!

The way readers voted in the John Bull Election will be found on page 15. Next week we shall announce the winner of the £500 Election competition.

Was It a Forgery?

If the Russian Government really is responsible for the "Plot" document it has broken its agreement to refrain from propaganda, and further emphasises our claim that no loan can possibly be made or guaranteed to such a Government.

Kick Them Out.

Elsewhere A. M. Thompson deals with the Russian question, and point is given to his remarks by this sensational "Communist Plot." Forgery or not, the Labour Party must make its armour invulnerable to Bolshevik poison gas.

Keep Up the Pressure.

To-day, the "man in the street" is courted and flattered by politicians of every hue. To-morrow? Let the people once realise that their power does not end at the polling booth, and things will soon move.

Don't Let Them Idle.

The people can have what the people will. The election has laid down the futility of the professional politician. Now, more than ever, is the time for unceasing pressure on the nation's representatives.

Platform Hooligans.

To a detached observer, the vulgar invective that has characterised the speeches of all Parties has been the most outstanding and most distressing feature of the election. The sooner a little dignity is restored to public life, the better.

As We Foresaw.

Highly significant has been the shrinkage in Liberal candidatures—over a hundred less than a year ago. It marks the beginning of a new political demarcation.

Ridiculous.

Mr. Baldwin's proposal of an "enquiry" into food prices is a bad anti-climax. The Linlithgow Committee has already enquired—and reported. All that is necessary is an Act to give effect to their recommendations.

Watch Germany.

The German elections are fraught with grave consequences to Europe. The main issue is between Monarchy and Republic, and on the result hangs the success or otherwise of the Dawes Report.

At Long Last!

For the first time since June there is a drop in the number of the unemployed. Slight as the decrease is it is an unmistakable sign of the turn of the trade tide.

Up the Pole Again.

Unemployment, says the *Daily Mail*, is practically non-existent in America. The truth is that there are at least 5,000,000 out of work, and thousands more on short time. Poor Pip and Squeak!

Dead and Damned.

We have duly noted the veiled hints that the Singapore folly is not dead, but merely in cold storage. But in our view the hinters are sadly out of touch with public opinion.

Free the Land!

That the election should have forced the land question to the front again is an excellent thing. The restoration of the land to the people is the key move in any scheme of social reform.

We Like the Truth.

The *Daily Telegraph* is at pains to argue that the repeal of the McKenna Duties increased unemployment. The facts are that every industry so affected is now booming—and most are working overtime.

Helpless Waste.

At many collieries the sidings are choked with "slack" which is being given away for the cost of carriage. Yet there are still people who dispute the need for reorganising the mines and eliminating waste.

A Wise Verdict.

The Ministry of Health has acted rightly in refusing to subsidise houses built sixteen to the acre. It does not take many years to convert such overcrowding into slum areas.

The Creeping Shadow.

Compared with 1914, food, rent, clothing, light and fuel are now 76 per cent. above normal prices. What this is going to mean in misery this winter can only be guessed. The new Parliament must face facts—and act.

Not Necessary.

During the last few weeks 100,000 miners have been thrown out of work by the closing down of mines—yet both factory and household are in need of cheap coal. What's the game?

Who's Guilty?

Meat sold at 2d. a pound in Australia costs the consumer in this country 1s. 5d. a pound. This is conscienceless profiteering with a vengeance! Surely it can be checked?

In Cold Blood.

And, seeing that the Indian tea crop has been deliberately cut down from 340,000,000 pounds to 280,000,000 pounds, the reason for the unjustifiably high price of tea becomes fairly apparent.

Our Great Gift.

How to make it Yours.

See page 2.

Rushing It Up.

Rice that arrived in August at 13s. per hundredweight is now selling at 6d. a pound, or 56s. per hundredweight. If this isn't blatant robbery on someone's part we should like to know what is.

Grab! Grab!

Similarly, cotton arriving at 3¾d. a pound is being sold at 1s. 4d. a pound. Apples arriving at 1d. per pound, retail at 9d. per pound. Talk about the Forty Thieves!

Idle Yards.

Instead of making bricks, many brickmakers are importing and reselling bricks from abroad—a sort of backstair method of profiteering. If the brickmakers won't manufacture bricks, let the Government do it.

On the Brink.

The mobilisation of all army classes in Turkey is now complete, and war is imminent with this country. Election or no election, someone should be made to tell us the exact truth of the situation.

A Disgraceful Agitation.

The deadlock at present existing over the proposed reduction of teachers' salaries must be ended on the side of justice. In resisting the cut teachers have our full support.

The Poison Mongers.

The findings of the Committee on Preservatives in Foodstuffs make alarming reading. No time must be lost in giving their recommendations legal effect.

Faith Healing Dangers.

That the Church should lend official sanction to the recent scenes of revivalist hysteria connected with "faith-healing" is something of a scandal. Those responsible are doing a disservice to both religion and humanity.

'Ware Pigeon-holes!

The Commission on Lunacy Law continues to elicit gravely disquieting facts. Its report, when it comes, must not be shelved, but must be given legal effect.

Holes in the Law.

By urging the tightening up of the law dealing with private companies, the Law Society has done a public service. The columns of John Bull weekly emphasise the need.

Root Them Out!

The night club evil shows no signs of abating, in spite of the spasmodic police raids at which the harpies merely laugh. Time the Home Office took this matter in hand once and for all.

False Oaths.

When shall we have an end of the false oaths made in declaring the election expenses of candidates? It is notorious that very few candidates keep their expenses within the legal limit, and accounts have to be cooked accordingly.

The Week's Best Joke.

According to the Federation of British Industries, the rise in the price of food is an indication of trade revival. By which mode of reasoning Russia must be the most prosperous country in the world!

The John Bull Breed.

The third boy attending Lords Gate School, Burscough, to save a life is Jimmy Hartley, aged nine. Jimmy saw Harry Forshaw tumble into a canal, raced to a bridge, leaned over, and pulled Harry out as he floated by, and then successfully applied artificial respiration. You can't beat the John Bull breed!

Suffer Little Children.

"The need for removing children from the awful conditions in which many are obliged to spend most of their lives becomes greater." A discovery none the less true because Lord Frederick Cavendish has only just announced it at Leeds. Britain's greatest peril is that thousands of its future citizens live in reeking homes, breathing the atmosphere that destroys hope.

Tried by the Dying.

We hope the officials of Gravesend quarter sessions will keep a sympathetic as well as a judicial eye on jurymen. One juryman, Mr. A. Eden, was taken ill twice in court, and after having left it was brought back on the third occasion—dead! It is not in the interests of justice that sick men are called upon to decide on the fate of others. Something has gone wrong with the organisation of the court. Let it be rectified!

Wanted—a Slave.

An Eastern counties newspaper recently contained the following announcement: "Ex-Service Man wanted, short time, three days weekly, coal, knives, etc.; private house, Norwich; 2s. 6d. weekly." The hypocrisy of stipulating an ex-Service man for such slavery is nauseating. We are not surprised that the advertiser has not the pluck to publish his name and address, but prefers to conceal his identity in a box number.

The Good Steward.

Mr. C. Furniss, chief steward of the oil tanker *Appalachee*, is the right type of man to have aboard ship. In mid-Atlantic Chief Officer English, overcome by fumes, fell into one of the tanks. Mr. Furniss went after him, but on the climb to fresh air was himself overcome and injured. Mr. W. T. Head, fourth engineer, made two ventures into the poison tank and reached Mr. English, who was found to be dead. A fine ship's company for pluck!

Home, Sweet Home.

A number of families have now been provided with homes in Knutsford Jail, which has been taken over from the Prison Board by the local Council for a term of three years for the purpose. These voluntary sub-tenants of His Majesty pay rents which vary from 7s. a week upwards, and cells may be used as spare bedrooms for an extra 6d. a week. This is one way of solving the housing problem, but it is nothing much for the politicians to be proud of.

A Disgrace to Sheffield.

Although the evidence against Mary Michell and the father of her child was not sufficient to send both or either for trial, the inquest verdict at Sheffield on the baby aged seven months of "Death from starvation" cries out against them. That they behaved in a very heartless and callous fashion was the coroner's view, and parents who let a child starve to death are not fit, in our opinion, to associate with citizens of Sheffield.

Lunatic Laws.

The laws relating to mechanical amusements are badly in need of overhauling. When a man named Horace Fall was charged at West Hartlepool with gaming by operating a machine called "All Press," it was stated that there were twelve similar machines at Wembley, fifty at Hull during Fair Week, and others at Middlesbrough and elsewhere. Ignoring the defence that the game was one of skill, the Bench imposed a fine of £1. It is really ridiculous that what is permitted in one place should be punished in another at the whim of local magistrates.

Black and White "Romance."

We note that one newspaper refers to the marriage near Capetown of Miss Forgan, a Scottish school teacher, and Dr. Masters, an Indian, as a "Scottish girl's romance." We fail to see any romance in a black and white wedding. In fact, we regard such a union as a potential tragedy.

Mrs. Doctor.

At first sight the demand of the L.C.C. that women doctors who marry should resign seems a penalty on marriage. But such is not the case. It is obvious to all that a woman doctor's position is unique. There must come a time when she is faced with the choice of profession or motherhood. If she chooses motherhood, then the profession must go. If her choice is her profession there is little need for her to marry.

Municipal Monopoly.

The decision of the Ministry of Transport dismissing the appeal of the North-Western Road Car Co., Ltd., against the refusal of the Manchester Corporation to all the company's motor-omnibuses to ply for hire in suburbs on the southern side of the city may be very good law, but it strikes us as being very bad policy. It was certainly never intended, when municipalities were given powers to run tramways, to create a monopoly which might be detrimental to the community. If municipal corporations cannot compete on equal terms with commercial enterprise they should scrap their undertakings.

The Human Machine.

DAY DREAMS

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

LAST week I had something to say about the value of cultivating a vivid imagination. Let us carry that topic a little further.

What is known as "day-dreaming" is another aspect of it. Everyone day-dreams at times; some do it to such an extent that they become unpractical,

moody, out of touch with realities; others only do it on rare occasions.

But I doubt if there is anyone who at some time or another has not indulged in this pleasantly soothing occupation.

Like so many other forms of mental activity its value depends entirely on the use made of it—on the way the energy is directed.

Certainly day-dreaming can be either an inspiration or a vice. It all depends, as is so often the case, whether you make it your servant or allow it to become your master.

To sit and simply pursue aimless and idle trains of thought, unless they be definitely and deliberately undertaken as a form of mental rest and recreation, is to use day-dreaming as a drug.

Even so it has its place, if used sparingly and with discretion: but do not allow it to become a habit.

The sort of day-dreaming that is really valuable is when one sits down and deliberately visions what might be, when one reviews the past, considers the present and builds the future.

It was such dreams and visions that led Columbus to America, that gave Newton the secret of gravitation, that inspired every great man who has ever left his mark on history.

Don't be afraid of such dreams. They can be made the spur to action and the accomplishment of big things.

But never allow them to be more than a prelude. The thing that matters is the action they inspire.

Treat 'Em Rough.

Suspecting a little boy of copying the answer to a sum at Hornsea Church of England day school, Mrs. Sykes, his teacher, flogged him unmercifully. Eight strokes she gave him with a cane on his little hands, and eight on his back, five when he was without a coat. The managers should provide a more humane teacher for the children.

Doctors who Don't Care.

The decision of the London Insurance Committee to recommend the removal from the Panel service of a doctor "guilty of gross negligence" is timely, for these cases of callous conduct are on the increase. The number in which grants were withheld for neglect, failure to visit, or unsatisfactory treatment of patients was forty-two last year, compared with twenty-seven the year before. The only way to stop this sort of thing is to publish the names of the offenders.

A Matter of Inches.

An ex-Service reader who, after being employed for twelve months as an auxiliary postman in the Manchester district, applied for and was duly appointed to a permanency, tells us that a month after putting on the uniform he has been dismissed for the sole reason that some Jack-in-office has discovered that he is two inches below the height standard. What foolery is this? Surely, if a man is big and brave enough to fight the King's enemies he is tall enough to deliver His Majesty's mails!

Mussolinis in a Mess.

R. B. D. Blakeney, President of the British Fascists, has issued a circular letter saying, "I must regret to have to inform you that it has been found necessary to make a complete change in the personnel of the London Headquarters, and to transfer the same temporarily to G.H.Q." Among the reasons given for this step is that "secret societies were being formed within the movement and disloyalty was rampant." Poor B.F.s! No wonder the President is so flustered that he writes, "I must regret."

A Mean Employer.

So many cases of fraudulent attempts to obtain unemployment pay come before the Courts that it is as well to be reminded that there is another side to the picture. Arthur James Isbill, a Foulsham dealer, employed a man for two years, but paid no contributions whatever, with the result that when the poor fellow was out of work he could not obtain unemployment benefit. The amount due from the employer was £8 all but a penny. In the circumstances, the fine of 50s. imposed by the magistrates seems ridiculously inadequate.

Blue-black Justice.

At Bromyard Police Court the other day a motor engineer named Pettifer, charged with using a motor lorry without a licence, pleaded that it was an oversight. His plea availed him little, for he was promptly fined £7 10s. A moment later, Thomas John Williams, a Worcestershire police constable, was charged with riding a motor-cycle without a licence. He, too, pleaded that it was an oversight, but his plea availed him much, for the case was promptly dismissed. Blue seems to be a lucky colour in Bromyard, though local justice looks tinged with black.

Greater than Expectations.

Some cynic once said, "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." That is not the spirit in which we deal with claims under our Free Insurance Gift Scheme. Mr. Thomas Wood, 7, Ockley Road, Bognor, writes, "I must say I was very thankful for your Gift, which was more than we expected after receiving a letter from a daily paper stating that they would not allow more than half of our claim for damage by fire. Then to receive your cheque for the full amount leaves no doubt as to which Insurance Scheme gives the best benefits." Are *you* a Registered Reader of JOHN BULL?

Blind.

If Justice were not blind and deaf the police would tumble to what is going on in certain London hotels from the many complaints of robbery made by visitors who have gone to the so-called hotels with women. But they never seem to make the slightest enquiry into this aspect of the matter.

Is It Fair?

We wonder what has come over some reputedly respectable papers now publishing tipsters' advertisements. For example, there is the claim of the person marketing the "Belmont" System that it never fails to find three good-priced winners every day of racing. It is obvious that such a claim is false, but papers allow their readers to be misled by such lying claims.

If They Only Knew!

There is a short way to settle difficulties which arise regarding pensions. Mrs. Jackson, of 119, Vernon Street, Bolton, Lancs, writes: "I must thank you for getting my son's pension increased. I had been trying for seven months without any result. If people only knew what they might gain by simply writing to you about their troubles!" This is only one of hundreds of similar expressions of gratitude received by our Pensions Editor. The lesson is obvious. If you have any trouble regarding your pension, write to JOHN BULL about it.

Bogus Bankruptcies.

Yet another bankruptcy shark has gone to jail, and his conviction is a further sequel to our demands for more drastic police action with regard to the "long firm" gang of swindlers. Charles Morant, a silk and woollen merchant, failed in business and made false entries in his books as to where thousands of pounds of other people's money had gone. It had really gone into his own pocket. There are too many rascals like Morant at large, and it is only by arresting them and sending them to prison that the rights of honest traders will be safeguarded.

A Squealing Swindler.

Nathan Gouldcopf, who was sentenced at Leeds to twelve months' imprisonment in the second division for conspiracy to defraud, was not satisfied with that very moderate punishment, but went squealing to the Court of Criminal Appeal. We are glad to notice that the Lord Chief Justice, who described his crime as a typical example of a long firm fraud and declared that the judge who tried the case truly said that the man had been found guilty on the clearest evidence, declined to interfere. He might well have increased the sentence to show his disapproval of public money being wasted by such an appeal.

How Many More?

"Amazed at the enormous number of applications," received in answer to his advertisement for agents to back horses for him, R. M. Heath, of Newport, Pem, and Goodwick, Pem, decided to ask for a deposit of 10s. as a proof that they were genuine before granting an interview, at which he undertook to refund the money in full. It would be interesting to know how many of the enormous number of applicants had the same experience as a Belfast reader who sent along his 10s., and has heard no more of the matter, though the date suggested by Heath for the interview was over a month ago.

Satan Rebuking Sin.

That ancient offender, J. A. Davis, of 26, Denmark Hill, S.E., who advertises watches sent on approval, is again very active. People who discover what trash his goods are, return them, and it is astonishing in what a large number of cases Davis denies receipt. In the hope that they may have no proof of delivery, he then tries to intimidate his disillusioned dupes into payment by sending them letters describing their conduct as obtaining goods by false pretences and threatening to place the matter in the hands of the police. If Davis ever dares to enter a police court we hope he will be put in his proper place.

Problems of Life.

NATURE AND WARFARE

by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SOME of my readers are dissatisfied with what I have said about war-makers.

One person writes: "War is unnatural, and if those who make it had to do the fighting there would soon be an end of it."

But another says: "War is natural, not only to man but to the whole creation. It is vain to hope that we shall ever get rid of strife and bloodshed, for war is being mercilessly waged wherever life exists."

These two objectors might be said to answer each other, but I am so far from wishing to take advantage of mere logic-chopping that I freely admit they are both right, each from his own point of view.

To the highest order of mind, to the developed moral consciousness war is indeed unnatural, an outrage upon our best and finest instincts.

BUT if we have regard only to the struggle for physical existence, we are obliged to view the natural world as one vast battlefield in which species preys upon species and form upon form.

The contemplation of this grim fact is depressing to sensitive minds who look no further than the phenomenal.

We hear much about the waste and cruelty of Nature, the universality of pain and fear, the destruction of the weak by the strong, and so on.

But it is unlikely that there is any waste at all.

NO life ever perishes; as life it is indestructible, a mysterious essence that comes and goes like the tides, filling and using countless forms but identified with none.

It is the form that perishes when anything dies; the life that ensouled it is unharmed and will find other modes of expression.

Nor is Nature's cruelty quite what it seems.

We can only suffer in proportion as we possess a sufficient brain and nerve organisation to enable us to feel and realise pain.

A worm cannot suffer like a dog, nor a dog like a man. The higher we rise in the scale of being the greater our capacity for suffering and also for joy.

It is fair to say that the lower creation is unconscious of any problem of the dreadfulness of existence; it does not reflect, and is not unhappy.

The problem is ours, and ours alone.

When we have risen to the moral height whereon the thought of killing one another becomes intolerable the nations shall learn war no more.

Borrowed Plumes.

We hope, for their own sake, that the Brighton police lay hands on the impudent rascal who persuaded them that he was Michael O'Rourke, the Canadian V.C., and so got let off, on sympathetic grounds, for being drunk and disorderly. The police themselves were taken in, and put in a word for him. Meanwhile, the real V.C. is in Vancouver. The impostor should be in jail!

"If You See It——"

During the last few months we have devoted a good deal of space to exposing the activities of a person named James Stroud Nunn, who has been behind many house-building ramps, the last of which was called "Stroud's (Housing) Specialists," 19, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Several times we called upon the Public Prosecutor and the police to investigate Nunn's exploits. They have done so. Last week he and his son stood in the dock at Bow Street charged with fraud.

Syndicate's Silver Anniversary.

A "Special Anniversary Offer" of an issue of "Profit Sharing Certificates" of £1 each is being made by "The Collins Syndicate," of Bishops Road, Fulham, S.W., to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of the working of a system which it is claimed has during that period beaten the books in flat-racing and steeple-chasing. For almost as long we have been exposing the master and whippers-in of this merry mug-hunt, and we advise readers to have nothing whatever to do with them.

Birds that Went East.

Poultry breeding is not a very pleasant or profitable business for smallholders when they are treated by dealers in the same way as a Glamorgan reader who forwarded a crate of fat fowls to "The Alderney Poultry and Egg Stores," Alderney Road, Mile End, E., for although two months have elapsed since he sent the birds east and he has written repeatedly to the firm, he has been unable to obtain any acknowledgment of their receipt, let alone payment for them. To ignore polite enquiries as to delay in sending money due is to add insult to injury.

Bloodsucker's Bluff.

Since we last exposed the iniquitous methods of Henry Rothfield, Ltd., the notorious bloodsuckers of Newcastle, they have issued a displayed advertisement offering a "reward of £50 to anyone who may prove that our terms are not the easiest in Great Britain." This kind of claptrap is characteristic of the concern. Proof would be simple enough to procure, but we fear the persons submitting it would have as much difficulty in obtaining the reward as those who pay fees to these conscientious money-grabbers have in securing loans. Such Shylocks cannot be shamed, but they should be shunned.

Buying a Job.

A concern called "The Lancashire Commercial Agency," of Atlantic Chambers, 7, Brazennose Street, Manchester, whose business is described as that of "Employment Specialists," recently advertised an appointment and invited applicants to sign a form agreeing to pay 17s. 6d. "entrance fee," plus 5 per cent. of the first year's salary of any situation obtained through them. The agency may or may not be able to find work for all applicants who are prepared to pay preliminary fees, but it would be a refreshing change to find "Employment Specialists" prepared to prove their bona-fides by charging only a commission for services rendered.

The Money-making Mind.

"Methods by which great men have risen to fame and power, planned and arranged by one who has spent many years in studying exhaustively the mysteries of the human brain and will," is how a person named J. Harvey-Millet, of 36, Hartington Road, Stockton-on-Tees, who calls himself a "Character Expert and Mind Training Specialist," describes a course of instruction which he offers to those who answer his advertisements. A man with such a master mind ought to have been able to make himself a millionaire long ago, but apparently his chief concern is to obtain "the modest sum of 5s." We might remind him of the phrase, "Physician, heal thyself!"

When Decent Folk Sleep

The joys of night club life—for some.

WHEN will a West End London magistrate send someone to jail without the option of a fine for running a night club?

The other day Henry Martin, of the Plaza Club, Denman Street, W., a low-class place frequented by disorderly women and undesirable men, was fined £500 for selling drink without a licence.

He has a bad record. In December last year he was fined for running an unlicensed dance club at the same premises.

In May of this year he was fined £200 for selling drink without a licence.

The magistrate, Mr. Hay Halkett, at Marlborough Street, said in the latest case he could not understand why, after the previous convictions, he immediately started the same thing again.

Nothing but Profit.

We will tell Mr. Halkett why. Martin had these premises at ten guineas a week rent. He let them during the day-time as a tea-room for eight guineas a week.

So he had his night club for the mere bagatelle of just over five shillings a night—perhaps the estimated profit on one customer a night. All the other customers were pouring profits into his lap against the next inevitable fine—a gamble Mr. Martin quite cheerfully accepts.

When the customers pay the fine, and the magistrates hesitate to imprison, the game may be supposed to be really worth the candle. Now the premises are disqualified as a club. We have seen that disqualification ignored by other clubs. Let the police take the hint.

When these bogus clubs are allowed a long run there are other sufferers beside the people who are doped with inferior drink at superior prices.

A case has been brought to our attention where a tradesman supplied goods to a club of the type we are criticising. We do not know whether he knew the kind of place it was. But we do know that he has not got, and cannot get, his money.

The club has been suppressed and the proprietor regards this as a perfect excuse for not paying his bills. The tradesman has the comforting knowledge that he has helped to pay the fine for an offence not committed by him.

Mrs. Merrick Again.

Since our recent articles dealing with Mrs. Merrick and the notorious "43" club, the police have raided the place and obtained a large number of convictions against people there.

Mr. Keen, J.P., has also taken a very serious view of the whole matter, and is calling a meeting of London magistrates for the purpose of discussing the best measures that can be taken to suppress the night club evil.

Castor Oil from Ghosts

IF you can believe that all your bodily ills may be cured through the advice of a doctor long since departed this world—then you can believe anything. You won't be able to see the danger menacing you.

WHAT is the General Medical Council going to do about the grave scandal of Hulham House, Exmouth, which is kept by two women, one of whom has been trained as a nurse and the other as a forewoman in a Lancashire factory, who both claim to cure disease by inspiration from the next world.

We have done our best to put these people out of action. There are some people you cannot protect from themselves, and these are the kind of people who go as patients to Hulham House, and pay real money for spook "cures."

It sounds such incredible nonsense that one can scarcely set it forth seriously. But what the patients are told is that a Scottish doctor, long since dead, and now in heaven, devotes himself in the next world to curing people in this. He does it through the agency of these two women.

Miss Chilton, the spook's handmaid.

He comes down to earth and takes possession of the body of one of them, Miss Harvey, the Lancashire ex-forewoman and, through her, diagnoses patients and prescribes treatment for them. He also works through the other woman, Miss Chilton, who was formerly a hospital nurse, who does massage and magnetic treatment under his inspiration.

A man died there some time ago, but a local doctor gave a death certificate. A coroner, however, warned these two people that if another death occurred the matter might be differently dealt with.

Is the General Medical Council content to wait for such a tragedy? We hoped that they would have acted after our repeated exposures of these unbalanced people eighteen months ago.

When the spirit of the departed doctor takes possession of Miss Harvey's body he makes some astonishing statements. He says that he has specialised in the next world—apparently in the medical school there—and he is giving the benefit of his wider knowledge to patients in this world.

It is a very strange thing that the late doctor, when talking through the lass from Lancashire, does not talk very much in abstruse medical terms, but he says that he has an astral eye that can see through people's bodies and diagnose their complaints.

He sometimes makes mistakes. He told one woman she had cancer and that she was steadily being cured. But as, in the process of being cured, she got steadily worse, she left Hulham House and went to an ordinary hospital. There she was operated upon, not for cancer, which she had not got, but for appendicitis. The operation was just in time to save her life.

When the late doctor, through the body of Miss Harvey, is asked to explain matters of this kind, his reply is that he can't help what mere mundane doctors say, he knows he is right. He is candid enough to say, however, that spirits are not infallible.

In that case surely one is entitled to say that the late doctor has no right to come back to this earth and carry on a practice without the only possible excuse for such illegitimate competition with earthly doctors—namely, that he is infallible.

Here is the scandal of the matter. The late doctor says he comes back to earth to help humanity, and the amazing thing is that he charges fees for so doing. It is certainly most unfair to earthly doctors, who have to pay rent and income-tax, that a gentleman with free quarters in heaven should slip back here like a thief in the night and charge heavy fees.

One may ask what becomes of the fees. They go to the Misses Chilton and Harvey, with the blessing of the departed doctor, who believes that the money is spent on helping the poor.

Miss Harvey ought not to be in need of the money so obtained, because for years she has been a spiritualistic medium, going about the country in the alias of "Nurse Rose," giving séances and advice from the next world for fees.

The whole thing is, of course, a money-making game, the profits being provided by people who are credulous and foolish enough to believe clap-trap of this kind.

If these two women pretended to be doctors and charged fees they could be prosecuted. They don't—they only claim to be inspired by a dead qualified medical man.

So they keep a very nice house in Devonshire, with servants and gardeners and every sign of luxury, and the law ignores them.

Why does not the British Medical Council do something. Has it no concern for the credulous dupes who pay real money for "spook" medical treatment.

Adolphe the Adonis

Who has a weakness for "English Sportee Girls."

WHAT precisely is the game of Adolphe Leclerc who is devoting time, stamps and stationery to the apparently congenial work of writing letters to English girls whose advertisements he reads in London and Paris papers?

We believe the Paris police are as anxious as anybody to obtain an interview with Adolphe for the purpose of clearing up the mystery; and pending the arrangement of such an interview Adolphe, who represents himself to be something of an Adonis, can hardly complain if the constructions put on his epistolatory efforts are not of the most complimentary character. His letters emanate from No. 48bis, Rue Croisée d'Antin, Paris, and when a JOHN BULL representative visited this well-known street in the company of a detective who had been sent from the Paris Scotland Yard to find out what the little game of Adolphe was, it was found that there was no 48 "bis," but there is a No. 48, which can be used as an accommodation address on payment of the usual fees.

It seems that once upon a time a man giving this name was in the habit of using this address, but there had been so many enquiries after him that the proprietress deemed it advisable to tell him that no further letters could be received. In spite of that some hundreds were waiting for him, and these were taken charge of by the police.

Most of the letters bear English postmarks, and those examined by the police make it clear that Adolphe has been trying to attract English girls to Paris with the offer of attractive employment. The bait generally used by Adolphe is a type-written letter, in English, with a suggestion of French construction. In these effusions he intimates that he is a business man seeking a secretary to travel with him, that he is "good to regard," in a position to give "the good times necessaire" to the "English sportee girl." He does not attempt to define "sportee," but one can imagine the type of girl "necessaire" to this evasive Adonis.

We can only repeat the warning of the French police that on no account should any English girl, seeking a situation in France, trust herself to the tender mercies of Adolphe or any other man imitating his methods.

There have been complaints from all parts of Europe regarding the activities of this Adonis, and when the police in France run him to earth they will have a lot to ask him about his activities in the last few years.

British girls should beware of all such tempting baits held out by foreigners. The "good times" promised may lead to ultimate ruin.

In all cases references of the highest order should be asked, and the British consul requested for advice.

A Villain in Short Trousers

HERE is the story of a twelve-year-old "desperado." The law tore him away from his broken-hearted mother and sent him to a reformatory for five years. Is Society so very much safer for his absence?

GOD helps those, the proverb says, that help themselves. It must seem rather a cynical proverb to poor people who are down on their luck and have no one to help them.

The short and simple annals of the poor are full of tragedies, and we tell of one here in the hope that something may be done to mitigate a misfortune that has befallen a humble and obscure Scottish family.

There is a poor woman in South Ronaldshay, in Scotland, who has had a hard life. She has six children and she supports them by working on a local farm.

In the circumstances, of course, she cannot mind her children as another mother might. Her first preoccupation is to feed and clothe them. To that task she has cheerfully and nobly devoted herself.

She has to be away from home all day and, in consequence, her children run loose. One of them, a little chap of twelve years, has got into serious trouble.

His name is Edward Dunnett. One day in a neighbour's house he saw a watch, a thing which this poor child, living on the barest margin of subsistence—practically the starvation line—envied with all his heart.

In a happier home, and in better circumstances, he would have been taught that it was wrong to covet other people's possessions, though it is not easy even in the best conditions to teach children of twelve the full implications of the law of larceny.

In any case, it seems that he and some other children, playing around this neighbour's house, saw an open window, climbed in through it and purloined the wristlet watch. No doubt they thought it a great achievement. In a normal family the child would have been reprimanded, told that boyish pranks of this kind were not permissible, perhaps caned, and sent back with the watch.

But it was not a normal family, and the poor mother did not discover the villainy of her twelve-year-old child until the police appeared upon the scene.

Then the full nature of the horrid outrage upon society was made evident. Her little twelve-year-old lad, the light of her eyes, had not merely taken away a wrist watch, which he thought a fascinating toy, but he had seriously damaged the law of property, and had even committed the grave offence of house-breaking.

He was brought before the court—a poor, trembling, frightened figure. He did not deny his terrible crime. When the police rounded up this twelve-year-old desperado, he promptly produced the missing watch from amongst his sacred hoard of old toys, broken ornaments and other odds and ends.

The court took a grave view of this terrible delinquent's position. It inflicted upon him the heavy sentence of five years' detention in a reformatory school.

In this way the poor child was torn from his weeping mother, who had toiled so hard to support him, and from his crying brothers and sisters, in order that the law of the land might be vindicated and a forbidding and deterrent example set to the youth of Scotland, lest they might also wander before their teens into the wicked fields of crime.

This cruel sentence, of course, was accompanied by some very improving observations about the necessity of acting in the best interests of this callous and hardened and calculating criminal of twelve.

He has been taken many miles from his mother, over the sea to the mainland to become an inmate of Montrose Reformatory. His mother and his brothers and sisters will probably not set eyes on him for five long years. The weeping mother's dread is that she may never see him again.

The Rt. Hon. Wm. Adamson, P.C., M.P., Secretary for Scotland.

Poor people who labour on farms in order to support half a dozen children cannot afford to travel hundreds of miles. They are, in the old legal phrase, affixed the soil. There they must sit and suffer.

The court might have dealt with this terrible crime in many other ways. It might have placed him under the supervision of a probation officer. It might have ordered him to be whipped. It might have ordered the parent to pay a fine, or to give security for the child's good behaviour.

It did not. It tore him from his home, and sent him away for five years from a heart-broken mother who may never see him again.

Had he been a middle-class boy he would have been caned.

We ask the Secretary for Scotland to make a humane gesture and send this lad back to his home.

They Win All Ways

Old Shylock was a philanthropist compared with present-day lenders.

IT may safely be assumed that the business of a moneylender, alone by reason of the high rates of interest invariably charged, can be made profitable enough without resorting to downright robbery. At any rate, we cannot for the moment recollect any moneylender figuring in the Bankruptcy Court except as a creditor.

We have no love for Shylock at his best. At his worst he is a pest and a menace to society. At his best he may provide a convenience to gilded youths and wealthy gamblers. At his worst he fleeces the poor of their savings without any intention of ever rendering them a service. If that is not downright robbery, we should like to know what is.

Shylock at his worst may be seen to-day flaunting the sign of Lendal, Ltd., a company originally registered in 1921 with a nominal capital of £2,000 and a single office at 94. Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. In a few years this concern has extended its activities until now it has twenty or thirty branch offices in London and the provinces, and employs a huge staff of branch managers and investigators.

The business of Lendal, Ltd., is ostensibly to lend money; actually it is to get money.

By means of advertisements and circulars it introduces itself to people who are financially embarrassed, and offers them loans on promissory notes alone, without sureties or guarantors or bills of sale, and guarantees secrecy and no objectionable enquiries.

It breaks every one of these undertakings, but that is not the worst that awaits the troubled souls who see in this offer a way out of their difficulties and apply for loans.

On the principle, apparently, of taking from those that have not even that which they have, Lendal, Ltd., demands an "enquiry fee," which varies with the amount of the loan proposed and the ability of the applicant to pay.

In how many instances loans are arranged after this fee has been paid we do not know. We do know, however, that in a vast number of cases this fee, often amounting to several pounds, is demanded and accepted when Lendal, Ltd., has not the remotest intention of granting a loan on the conditions proposed.

Now as to the staff. Lendal, Ltd., will not accept a Fidelity Guarantee Bond from its servants, but every investigator is required to deposit £100 in cash before being appointed. Assuming that it employs a hundred men on these terms, which we do not consider an exaggerated estimate, Lendal, Ltd., holds £10,000 of this money. It is not to be supposed that the cash is locked up in a safe. Has it become the working capital of the company?

A Year for Repentance

Another rogue "sent down" through "John Bull."

IT is always gratifying to JOHN BULL to know that it has been instrumental in running a rogue to earth.

In our issue of September 13, 1924, we directed the attention of the police to a "particularly mean and nasty rascal named James J. Pearcey," whom we described as "a sneak-thief who preys upon the innocent and the unwary and finds women his easiest victims."

The reason we did this was because some of his victims had come to us to seek the aid of publicity, as they had gone to the police in vain, and had been told that nothing could be done for them.

One of these victims was Miss Jessie Bay, from whom—as we told—Pearcey, trading as S. A. Marshall & Co., 30, City Road, E.C., took £50 in return for a promise of a job at a good salary. She got less than £20 in wages, and Pearcey kept the rest.

Ruined and Penniless.

We also told the story of a poor fellow named Fair, an ex-soldier, from whom Pearcey took £100, his life savings, for a share in Pearcey's business which was a humbug, a delusion and a snare. Fair, like Miss Bay, was left ruined and penniless.

Both these people had been to the police and in neither case had anything been done. We made our enquiries and found there were other victims, and we published the facts and called upon the police to do their duty.

To-day we can give the sequel. The police appear to have realised that promptness and expedition were necessary.

Last Tuesday, Pearcey was in the dock before Mr. Cairns, the Old Street magistrate.

The story of Miss Jessie Bay was told in court, and also the story of Mr. Fair. Pearcey pleaded guilty and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for his mean frauds.

Out of Harm's Way.

We are glad that we have now seen this fellow put out of harm's way for a considerable period. We have others on our list who are working the same type of heartless fraud.

This journal has constantly urged its readers not to part with money in return for promises of employment until they have obtained references from the would-be employer. If they did this they would, in most cases, save their money.

And if those who have already been caught will co-operate with us, as Miss Bay and Mr. Fair did, we will do our best to put these other rogues where they ought to be—alongside of James J. Pearcey in jail.

There are too many rascals finding innocent victims in this way. The state of the labour market at present is the "Fair" stage on the barometer of these gentry.

Man or Mannequin?

Showing that clothes do not make the man.

WHAT are the authorities doing in regard to the affairs of Mr. Thomas Cowan Stevens, a shipowner of St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, who left this country some time ago in questionable circumstances?

A warrant was granted by Sheriff Orr at Edinburgh in August last for Stevens' arrest because he failed to appear to undergo his examination in bankruptcy on more than one occasion. He was apparently afraid to face the music, and many people are asking when this warrant is likely to be executed.

Stevens was a typical war profiteer. He was a shipping clerk when war broke out, and made money by chartering steamers and not insuring them. In other words, he gambled against German torpedoes, and won.

He has figured in many speculative projects, and was actively concerned in the well-known whisky-running venture to the United States directed by Sir John Stewart, the famous whisky baronet who killed himself a few months ago after getting into a hopeless financial position. Not long after this Stevens was found to be missing from his elaborate and luxurious Edinburgh mansion.

He spent the creditors' money like a wastrel and a bounder. He stayed at a big hotel in Switzerland, and there entertained all the visitors to a champagne supper. On one occasion he paid for a West End dinner with a Bank of England £1,000 note, explaining that it was the smallest note he had about him. He had 365 suits of clothes, one for every day of the year.

A gentleman of this kind is not likely to leave much for his creditors. That is no reason why the warrant for his arrest should not be executed.

House Furnishers to Watch

MANY objectionable methods are employed by some furniture factors. Below we give a few examples which illustrate disgraceful incompetence and worse, and we reveal the risks and losses the public often incur in dealing with such firms.

IN these days of the housing shortage, and of high cost of living, there are thousands of people who find the utmost difficulty in finding and in furnishing a home.

People confronted by this difficulty and desperately anxious to surmount it, are very liable to be imposed upon by the unscrupulous.

Impositions of this kind have grown to such an extent in the furniture trade that it is high time to make a strong protest and to issue a public warning.

The traders against whom it is desirable to put prospective purchasers on their guard may be divided into three classes—the downright swindlers who obtain money by false pretences; the wily people who issue alluring advertisements of their goods, which on delivery too often turn out to be cruelly disappointing; and the unsatisfactory traders who do not keep their promises to send out the goods in time and who cause delay and loss and inconvenience to their customers.

An example of the first class is provided by a firm called the Victor Spring Co., at Holloway.

How to Make Money.

It was run by a man named Gaunt and his son. The firm advertised furniture for sale, took the cash of the customers in advance, and did not deliver the goods—a way of making money that is as easy as it is disreputable. The profitable nature of the transaction was enhanced by the fact that in some cases they did not even pay the wholesalers who supplied the articles to them.

After a long run Gaunt and his son were prosecuted, and the father was sent to jail, while the son was convicted and bound over.

If people would take the advice we constantly urge, and ask for references before they part with their money, they would at least have some protection against sharks.

An example of the second class of trader can be given in the firm of F. Webb, of 478, High Road, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N. This man advertised complete homes at a very low price, and complaints have come to us from disappointed customers all over the country.

Poor People Suffer.

Here, again, if people would ask for references from satisfied customers in their own locality they would take a precaution that would be very valuable to them. Of course people cannot expect to get very much for so little. But it is generally poor people who go in for this kind of transaction and whom it is all the more desirable to save from disappointment.

In the third class a typical example is provided by a firm called W. R. Hewstone, Wholesale and Export Cabinet Manufacturer and Upholsterer, of 95, Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.2.

As long ago as July 2 this firm got from a reader of JOHN BULL a cash payment for certain articles of furniture. He has not received the goods nor the return of the money, or any reply to his letters.

Other complaints have been received of this firm's dilatory and unsatisfactory methods, and in one instance a complaint was lodged with Scotland Yard, but the authorities there could not see their way to intervene.

These delays may be due to the fact that Hewstone has a great many difficulties to contend with in his business, and we notice that a County Court judgment was made against him last month.

Our point is, and it is a very important one, that people should never pay cash in advance for goods unless the firm they are dealing with has given unexceptional references.

From Hewstone's notepaper one might suppose that he was in a very large way of business both at home and abroad. He actually runs a small shop with an unimpressive stock.

Some trade papers, trying to cope with difficulties in the furniture trade, have adopted a system whereby the money is not paid over to the dealer until the customer has received the goods and is satisfied with them.

Many of the cases that have come before us have been quite tragic in their circumstances. Ex-soldiers, anxious to find a home for their wives and children, have parted with their hard-earned savings, only to find that they have been grossly deceived, and have had practically to start again to try to build up a real home.

Everyman's Castle.

The strength of a nation lies in the homes of the people. There the future of the next generation is made. It is an honourable ambition to possess the best homes within one's means. It is a scandal that this noble instinct should be exploited by unscrupulous or grasping or incompetent traders, and we shall certainly do our best to stop this exploitation by the power of full and frank publicity.

How He Did It

A little work which brought a deal of happiness.

HIGH up out of the smoke of East London, the sun streams through the haze into a neatly furnished little flat—No. 10, Quasted Houses, Brett Road, Hackney. There lives Mr. George A. Symonds, who has just won the First Prize of £1,500 in *Bullets* Competition No. 537.

Mr. George Symonds

Still on the right side of thirty, and married only a year or two ago, Mr. Symonds is a book-keeper for a West End firm, and an enthusiastic *Bullets* competitor in his spare time. To Mrs. Symonds, a merry young person with laughing eyes and a keen sense of humour, our winner attributes no small part of the credit for this and several previous *Bullet* wins.

Mr. Symonds stated that although he won the £1,500 in his Christian name of "George," he was too old a hand at *Bullets* to imagine that a competitor's name or address can have any influence on his success. "The *Bullet's* the thing" were his words.

"Readers competing for this week's £1,000 will want to know how you made up your £1,500 *Bullet*," said our representative.

"It's a short story," Mr. Symonds answered. "The *Example* 'What The Public Wants' seemed to suggest some comment on the political situation. In my newspaper that evening I had read that an unwanted Election seemed imminent. Well, about ten minutes consideration of suitable phrasing for this idea produced the winning *Bullet*—'What The Public Wants'—'Birth' of Governments 'Controlled.'"

Married for an Hour

Evil women smuggled in from abroad.

IT is our duty to warn the Passport officials and the Docks police that a number of alien women are arriving in London surreptitiously almost every day by boat.

Many of them have come from the streets of Moscow, from the low quarters of Continental cities where they were starving, and their sole object in being brought here is to become members of the white slave gang.

Mysterious women meet them and take them to houses in Limehouse, from which they are later transferred to the West End of London. Many seamen, amazed at what they have discovered, have protested to the authorities, and it is obvious that something must be done to cope with this evil.

These arrivals are all the more disturbing in view of the fact that bogus marriages between alien women and Englishmen are increasing. These marriages are arranged for the purpose of conferring upon the women the status of British citizens, so that they cannot be deported.

Many of these marriages have taken place at London register offices, and the contracting parties have separated at the door, the man getting a handsome fee for his share in the transaction which was really carried out for the sinister master of the white slave traffic in the background.

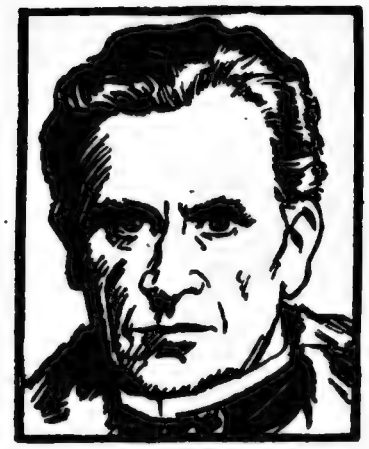
The police in the Thames Dock area are being caused a great deal of trouble by these bogus marriages.

Months ago the public was told that the police expected to arrest "within the next two days" the man who arranges this startling series of bogus marriages. That sounded promising. Doubtless he enjoys the joke as much as he enjoys his freedom.

Is Faith Healing Humbug?

THE whole country is discussing the recent "miracles" at Bradford and London. The faith of men, jaded in the war years, is leaping into life again. Is it possible that the age of miracles is not past, but that we are actually living in it?

by SIR HERBERT BARKER



Sir Herbert Barker, the famous manipulative surgeon.

HAS the age of miracles returned? Are we, the gross materialists of an age whose genius is stamped on a thousand and one mechanical marvels, to come back, after centuries of lip service, to the sure belief in Christ's promise that our faith should make us whole?

When gentle St. Francis, who accounted all creatures his brothers and sisters, sat beside the waters of a lake, we are told that the fishes came up and listened to his words; whilst the birds of the air also heard him, and flew high into the blue Italian sky to wheel into the sign of the symbolic cross.

In Italy to-day, if one asks the origin of the red breast of the robin, one is told the legend of how one of these little creatures once pecked at the nails which held Our Lord fast to the Cross, so that, as a sign thereafter, all his generations have borne that honourable symbol of compassion for suffering.

But these things, accounted miracles, are only sweet fables made by the humble and the pious.

A Pilgrimage of Faith.

In the little church of Frizinghall, in Bradford, and in St. Michael and All Angels, Paddington, the blind and halt and maimed have been thronging to receive the miraculous benison of health restored through faith, and faith alone.

They came, many of them, great distances. Some had to be carried to the healer, just as, two thousand years ago in far-off Galilee, the maimed and halt and blind came or were carried to the Great Healer.

This fact proves to us at least this: that faith in the Divine goodness and clemency to mankind is as great to-day as ever it was. For every sufferer who made those pilgrimages to the Faith Healing Mission of the Church of England was a witness to the reality of faith.

Each of those sufferers who turned to the Divine Healer, through his minister, in those churches, testified that the age of faith is not past, and that those who claim that the Church is but an empty casket from which has been extracted the precious essence, are confounded out of their own mouths. There was a woman who had been an invalid from her early girlhood. She was the victim of nervous paralysis. She could not walk, she could not raise her hands to feed herself, she could not dress or do anything at all.

But this utterly helpless woman had faith. Friends carried her into the little church of Frizinghall, Bradford, where she experienced the mystical laying on of hands. What happened? Was it all a cruel farce? Was she the victim of charlatanry? Were both would-be healer and sufferer the victims of vain hope?

"*And the Lame Walked.*"

Let us see what occurred. I quote from a daily paper.

"On her way home on Monday she got out of her chair and pushed it the remainder of the distance. She states that when Mr. Hickson (the healer) laid his hands on her she felt something like a click in her legs and felt her strength returning. After reaching home she ate a good meal, and was able to grasp things with her hands. She spent the afternoon walking about the district round her home, receiving the congratulations of her friends."

What is one to think? One cannot say, "Ah, that is a beautiful story from the age of faith." It has happened in our own time, in our own country, to one of our own race. The cure of Mrs. Euphemia Bryant is, one may take it, a fact. This cure is vouched for by the Rev. A. P. Gower Rees, Vicar of Bolton, by the verger of Bolton Church, who has known the sufferer for twenty-five years, by Dr. Perowne, Bishop of Bradford.

It is quite certain that this woman was paralysed and is so no longer. Let us accept that as a proven fact. And let us proceed to ask: "By what agency was this cure effected? Was it by natural processes that we can understand, or did it proceed from Divine grace and the manifestation of miraculous intervention?

The Nation Divided.

All Britain to-day is divided into two camps. There are those who claim that anyone who leaves these healing services bettered, or cured, does so as the result of laws which are known to man—as the result of what the psychologists call auto-suggestion.

And there are those who take the view put forward by the missioner himself, and by the Bishop of Bradford, that faith still has its old efficacy for invoking Divine aid, and that what was done for the blind, the halt and the maimed by Christ himself may be done through Him to-day by those who believe with heart and soul.

Now, if the Bishop of Bradford be right, if those who are sending out their amazing message of hope to mankind from these churches, what stupendous thing has come to the human family! Consider what this means. It means the end of disease, suffering, misery. It spells the dawn of a new era.

When the Blind Will See.

If the miraculous healing of the paralytic is an established fact, we must believe that those who have a like faith to that believing woman will also receive the Divine clemency: that the blind will see the light of day, the paralysed run and leap, the deaf hear the songs of the birds and the happy laughter of children's voices, the imbecile emerge from spiritual darkness and join the brotherhood of reasoning humanity.

That is, indeed, a wondrous thought. And, in a world in which sickness and suffering abound, one asks: Is this thing indeed possible? I turn once more to the newspaper account of the Frizinghall services: "Mr. Hickson, this afternoon, visited the local Blind Institution and conducted a faith-healing service."

Who appeals to our earthly compassion more than those who live in perpetual night? Surely none. The Bradford blind, one may surmise, believe no less than their sighted brothers in the central truths of our Faith.

One blind man, I read, led two others to the door of Frizinghall Church. "Good-bye and good luck," he said, as he left them, and alone groped his way out. Two believed, and one doubted. Two sought Divine aid, miraculous intervention.

Was it that the faith of the two was not great enough that to-day all three remain sightless? These are the conundrums which beat upon our brains and hearts as we read of these valiant attempts to invoke the Great Power of Love Divine on behalf of suffering.

The man of scientific training first requires proof that the sufferer actually had some definite, tangible malady. Then he requires proof that that malady has been wiped out by some agency not explicable by modern medical science.

This, too, is the attitude of all the churches. No miracle is accepted as having taken place at Lourdes, where the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes draws yearly vast multitudes of the sick and suffering, unless and until medical science, speaking through the voice of observers at the grotto, authenticates the miracles.

Yet one must take up some position. And the man of sound sense will have to decide for himself whether he will throw in his lot with those who believe because their faith is great, or with the Doubting Thomases who failed at the great test and asked to see the very wounds.

This Tiny, Tiny World!

Anatole France, the great sceptic, who died only the other day, once put on paper a stupendous thought. He imagined the whole physical universe as our minds have conceived of it, as but a single atom in the body of some vast giant who inhabits some stupendous sphere, which again is but a small fraction of some limitless universe.

It is a conception to make the brain reel. But it suggests what, perhaps, we most need in face of the marvels reported from the little church in Bradford and that in London. What we need, I think, is humility, and a readiness to accept those things which upset our fixed ideas of what is, and what is not, possible.

From that humility to faith is but a step. And, having faith, who shall set upon its powers any limitation?

My scientific knowledge tells me that a man whose optical nerve is destroyed may never again see the light of day; that the paralysed may never walk; that the idiot may never reason. But how pathetically small and inadequate is my knowledge—how vast the universe that masks—or reveals—the great invisible Power which men call God!

But, small as is our knowledge, we know that occasionally men and women suffer from hysteria which sometimes takes the form of paralysis, dumbness and other infirmities. Neurologists have been able to effect cures of these functional maladies by the science of persuasion—faith's own brother—and by hypnotism.

The Problem for Each of Us.

Consequently, we must ask ourselves, when we consider the accounts of faith cures, whether these sufferers did indeed have *organic disease*, or whether they were suffering from infirmities having their causes in mental disturbances.

Each man must think the problem out for himself with an open mind. And, above all, everyone must guard against making the lot of the sick and suffering the harder by raising false hopes of certain cure where, perhaps, no cure is.

Candid Communications.

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.
Bourdon House, London, W.

YOUR GRACE,—A little mystery has gathered round the disposal by you of Grosvenor House, but there is no mystery as to how you came by it. This, together with about 20 acres of land was originally in the possession of the Abbot of Westminster, who in 1518 leased it for 32 years at £21 per annum. By the time it reached you the land was yielding thousands of pounds in ground rents—its value had soared through no efforts of yourself or your ancestors, but because of the ratepayers investments in surrounding property. I look to the time when scandals such as this shall be impossible. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. STOGDON,
The Vicarage, Harrow.

SIR,—You seem to be anxious to be on both sides of the fence at once in the matter of Sunday games. Your suggestion is that matches played on Sunday should not be identified as having been played on that day in the Press reports. "It is very nearly right for some people to play golf on Sunday, especially if there are no caddies," you say. Why do you not come right out in the open and take a clean-cut attitude. If it is wrong for caddies to "break the Sabbath," it is wrong for golfers. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. JOHN BURNS,
Alverstoke, Clapham Common, S.W.

SIR,—In taking this opportunity of offering you my congratulations upon having reached your sixty-sixth birthday, I cannot refrain from expressing regret that you should maintain silence at the present critical period of the country's history. Place and power, I know, have no attractions for you, but I feel sure that all Parties would welcome the assistance of your valuable experience of industrial affairs in the counsels of the nation. That epithet, "Honest John," so long associated with you, is in danger of becoming a mere memory. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. W. W. HOUGH, D.D.,
Bishop of Woolwich.

SIR,—There is much I admire about you, but I cannot see daylight through your ideas about the population of your diocese. You say that "bad housing is a prolific cause of social evils," and deplore the fact that "seven and eight people are living, sleeping and washing in one room." And yet in the face of these terrible conditions you have also expressed your disapproval of birth control on the grounds that the production of children is all for the "glory of God." Can you not think straight? Can you not face the logical conclusion? JOHN BULL.

To HENRY WALKER, Esq.,
Chief Inspector of Mines.

SIR,—Kindly give your best attention to the evils that still obtain in the nation's coal mines. The shot-firing is too frequent for the safety of the men to be unaffected, and also precludes the shotmen performing their statutory duties. Also, there is the scandal of the badly ventilated pits. One such is the William Pit at Great Clifton, owned by the Allerdale Coal Co., Ltd., of Cumberland. The ventilation there was so defective that one man who went down to examine the working was found dead—gassed. The whole system of inspectorship is at fault, and I give you a little longer to get it put straight. JOHN BULL.

To Sir W. GLYN-JONES, M.P.S.,
Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

SIR,—Will you kindly give your attention to the case of a firm of chemists who have given at least eight wrong prescriptions. I do not yet know what effects, fatal or otherwise, these wrong bottles of medicine have had on the poor customers, but the firm's excuse—that the mistakes must have occurred during a rush of orders—makes matters no better. If the firm has a large business, that merely extends the area of its possibilities for harm. You must "name" this firm, and see that it is crossed off your Society. JOHN BULL.

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED

To Sir H. C. MONRO, K.C.B., C.B.,
Woodlands, Binfield.

SIR,—It is encouraging to find my campaign in favour of pure food confirmed and corroborated by the report of your committee of enquiry into the question of preservatives and colouring in food. But I am suspicious of committees of enquiry—as a rule there is very little resolution in their resolutions. Your enquiries have proved conclusively that numerous foods are adversely affected by preservatives and colouring preparations, and conclude that "preservatives should be prohibited in all articles of food and drink." I now call on you to see that this pious opinion is made into law with heavy penalties for abuse.
JOHN BULL.

To W. W. DOUGHTY, Esq., J.P.,
Chairman, Tipton District Council.

SIR,—Until you have learned to control your temper and your tongue it might be as well if you left Tipton and took a long holiday in Timbuctoo. When a recommendation of the General Purposes Committee suggesting an increase in the Accountant's salary came up for discussion, you refused to put it to the vote of the Council, saying, "You ignoramus individuals who don't understand public life have got to be taught the proper way." You proceeded to give them a lesson in the nice conduct of municipal affairs by shouting, "You are a damned lot of rotters!" and bouncing out of the room. You had better stop out.
JOHN BULL.

To Dr. AITKEN,
Beckett Hospital, Barnsley.

SIR,—I shall expect you to offer some explanation for the fact that a coroner's inquest into the death of a miner named Brookes was obstructed owing to an essential portion of the man's brain being missing. You assert that when you and another doctor examined the body this portion had disappeared, but you do not seem to realise that this disappearance increased the difficulty of the coroner who, however, took pains to assure you it is illegal for hospitals to dispose of any part of a body. The whole matter is so mysterious, if not suspicious, that I must draw the attention of the Ministry of Health to it.
JOHN BULL.

To J. HOLLIS-WALKER, K.C.,
Commissioner of Assize.

SIR,—When Dr. A. J. D. Cameron was found guilty of the manslaughter of a farmer, who died from injuries received in a collision with Cameron's car, you wisely sentenced him to nine months' imprisonment. In so doing you vindicated the best principles of British justice, proving that there is the same law for rich and poor. Cameron was in a position to engage eminent counsel, and possessed influence denied to the ordinary man, but this did not save him from the penalty of the law. It is good to know that the administration of our legal code is in such capable hands. JOHN BULL.

To R. E. BUSH, Esq., J.P.,
Bristol Police Court.

SIR,—When Robert Edwards, who had previously been convicted of cruelty to animals, was summoned before you for causing suffering to two horses found tethered to a wall in a small back yard with no bedding, no food, and no shelter of any description, you declared that the case was as bad as you had ever listened to, and that you could not come to any conclusion but that the defendant had starved one of the horses absolutely to death. Having thus spoken your mind, you let him off with a fine of £5 and allowed him a month to pay. If this is your idea of encouraging the noble work of the R.S.P.C.A. it is not mine.
JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

WATCH YOUR M.P.!

Pantry Politics

THIS week sees the settlement of the politicians' squabble. With this quarrel out of the way the long-suffering public may once again demand to be heard. The very first business of the new Government should be to secure for the people cheaper and purer food.

Before the Dissolution a Bill was brought into Parliament to punish the profiteers. This measure sought to make profiteering in life's necessities a criminal offence punishable with imprisonment. The Bill, if it had become law, would have put fear into the hard hearts of the food speculators, but, unfortunately, the General Election came and the profiteer made his escape.

His respite should be short. Huge profits are being made out of swollen food prices. It has come to this: people are only allowed to eat at all so long as the satisfying of their hunger fills the coffers of the millers and speculators. The poor housewife's bitter struggle to make ends meet means a rich harvest for the parasitic profiteer.

These high prices are no part of the law of Nature. They are inevitable only so long as we allow the needs of the community to be exploited for private gain. It is not the farmer who gets the advantage, but the financial gambler whose market-rigging operations cover the world.

To make matters worse food continues to be shamefully adulterated. The reports of public analysts prove that the evil was never so rampant.

Not Guilty

THE records of the Court of Criminal Appeal make uncomfortable reading. In a surprising number of cases during the last few months the Court has quashed the convictions of inferior tribunals, removing sentences of imprisonment which ought never to have been imposed.

As a rule, the ground of appeal is that the judge at the first trial misdirected the jury, or that worthless evidence was admitted, and it is disquieting to observe with what amazing frequency these irregularities are shown to have crept in. Even so eminent a tribunal as the London Sessions is not above criticism, as was seen a little while ago when the conduct of a trial there was condemned in the strongest terms by the Lord Chief Justice.

Only where funds permit, that is in a small minority of instances, are cases carried to the Court of Criminal Appeal. Inevitably the question suggests itself: how many miscarriages of justice occur which are never brought to light?

Keep the Whip Hand

THE voter's responsibility does not end at the ballot-box. Constituencies can make politicians toe the line at Westminster if they go the right way about it.

NOTHING has been more clearly marked during the election than the utter inability of the politicians of all Parties to deal with the problems that confront them.

The bewildered voter might well be excused for asking even now what the election was all about, and for just what he was expected to vote.

Never has there been a political episode in which dignity was so disregarded, and in which statesmen have sunk to such depths of personal abuse and mud-slinging.

But there is one thing they have had in common—a tender solicitude for the voter. True, they have none of them offered him more than vague theories and platitudinous promises, but they have all flattered him, courted him, fawned on him, and abased themselves before him.

Now the six hundred and fifteen who have won the votes of the electors are going back to Westminster. They will cease their flattering and cajoling. The voter will be considered no more.

"They" have come into existence once more.

"They" are the greatest superstition that has ever blinded the eyes of a nation.

"They" do this, that, and the other. "They" issue orders, pass laws, and do what they will, contemptuously aloof from the wishes of the plain man.

AND the plain man, deceived into thinking that "They" are hedged about with a sort of divine prerogative, half convinced that "They" are a race of supermen, shakes his head helplessly and murmurs: "'They' will do this; 'They' won't do that; there is nothing to be done about it. 'They' take no notice of what I think."

What superstitious folly! How successful the politicians are in fixing their magical spectacles on the voter's nose, whereby the servant is made to appear the master!

For who, after all, are "They"? Merely a group of very ordinary men who have been sent to Westminster to represent the people, and to conduct the business of the nation as the people wills.

Never forget that your M.P. is your representative and your servant and never let him forget the fact for a moment.

There is no atmosphere of sanctity surrounding the inhabitants of Westminster. They are as accessible to letter, postcard, and interview as the plainest John Taxpayer.

They are singularly susceptible to organised pressure, acutely anxious to hear the first rumblings of the vote in their constituencies.

THE wise voter would insist that at least once a month his M.P. should meet his constituents and render an account of his stewardship.

You pay the piper; you have every right to call the tune.

Rid your minds of the great "They" superstition. The people can have what the people will. They, and not the politicians, are the real masters, but the people will get nothing if they allow the politicians to persuade them that their power and responsibility end at the ballot-box on polling day.

The Worker's Fear

EVERY worker fears the insecurity of life. First of all there is the constant dread of a poverty-stricken old age; the fear also of sickness and invalidism; and, in the event of death, of penury for the widow and dependents. Cannot we banish these spectral horrors from the lives of those who labour?

It can be done. At this stage of our development we do not think the whole burden should fall upon industry. The better plan would be to launch a national scheme of All-In Insurance, in conjunction with the trade unions, and to create an industrial pensions fund to which the employers, the trade unions, and the State shall make contributions.

From the pool thus formed workers at a certain age, or when permanently broken down in health, should draw their pensions, which might be additional to any amounts payable under the existing Old Age Pensions Act; also widows and orphans might draw compassionate allowances on a scale determined by sound actuarial rules.

If we can afford to spend £510,000,000, as we did last year, on war materials, we can afford to rob old age of its terrors for the honest worker. Let the politicians pursue a peaceful policy and the money now wasted can be saved for social ends.

In this way the State's share in the proposed scheme would be forthcoming, while employers and wage-earners should be willing to bear their share of a scheme which would rob life of half its fears.

How Readers Voted

WE are able to give the figures that resulted from our Election Competition. They are of intense interest. Our readers are drawn from every class of society, and their votes represent, in consequence, very definite trends of political thought.

The result of our readers' votes is as follows:—

Conservative	..	57.69 per cent.
Labour	.. ..	29.33 " "
Liberal	.. ..	12.98 " "

Translating these percentages into the actual seats that each Party may be expected to secure, the figures would read—Conservative, 351 seats; Labour, 173 seats; Liberal, 79 seats.

In the last Parliament the state of the three main Parties was Conservative, 258 (42.36°/₀); Labour, 193 (31.68°/₀); Liberal, 158 (25.96°/₀).

The winning reader's estimate of the total votes polled in the General Election will be published next week.

Mr. Henry Ford, American motor magnate; once poor, now rich—still working!

WORLD'S GREATEST LIARS

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER *(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)*

EVERY time there is a General Election we lose opportunities that never return, says our contributor. It is only since politics became a mania with us, and half-educated windbags started up with new plans for regulating our life, that we have lost our old common-sense and comradeship.

TO a man with a full stomach and a comfortable stocking the political shindy of the past few weeks was rich with humour. Such a man could sit with his toes on the fender, a pipe in his mouth, a newspaper in his hand, and over the crude balderdash of warring politicians chuckle himself into a good appetite for his next meal.

But to a poor devil out of work and up against it, struggling like a good fellow to keep his shabby family life in repair on a merciful but insufficient dole, these last few weeks must have brought many a bewildering question. Those vehement, railing, self-righteous, and indignant speeches, each rival Party accusing the other of having wantonly refused to solve the problems of mankind when they had the opportunity to do so, what could the poor devil aforesaid make of them?

In the hope of clearing up his difficulty in this respect at least, I propose to explain in simple and unpolitical language why no statesman known to history has yet produced the pure white rabbit of millennium out of the battered and greasy black hat of party politics.

TO begin with, it is plain that man cannot be treated like any animal known to the zoologist. You could not, for instance, give peace to the heart of Mr. Tom Mann by locking him up in a stable, feeding him and watering him at regular intervals, and taking him out once a day for a hard gallop.

If Mr. Tom Mann had all he wanted to eat, and all he wanted to drink, and all he wanted to wear or to use, it is perfectly certain that he would still want to kick over the traces—still want to spout, and still hunger and thirst to strike his breast with revolutionary indignation.

It is the same thing with Lord Leverhulme, Mr. Henry Ford, and the Harmsworth family. These people, once poor, are now immensely rich. They need never lift another finger to do a thing for themselves. They have books by the thousand, pictures by the hundred, clothes by the score, and as many rooms to live in as there are cells in Wormwood Scrubs or beds in Colney Hatch. But they cannot rest. They are not satisfied. They must always be working. And when they are not at work, the hobby that comes easiest to them is telling the rest of us how we ought to regulate our lives.

IF anything is clear in this foggy world it is that no man can be regulated into perfect peace, or satisfied with material things. There is always something else. The poor devil may believe in his misery that if he had a regular job and three pounds clear a week he would complain to the universe of nothing; nay, on the contrary, that he would give daily and heartfelt praise for such unspeakable blessings; but let him think a moment—really think.

Is there no postman in his neighbourhood who wears a long face? Is there no policeman in that part of the world, no county council dustman, no municipal rate-collector, who goes about this beautiful planet as if he wishes he had never been born? Even with a comfortable pension in front of them, there are many men no more cheerful than a stomach-ache.

Lenin thought he had the secret of human happiness at his fingers' ends. One of his enthusiastic lieutenants boasted of the secret police of Bolshevism. "The Cheka does not judge her enemies; she downs them without mercy, and gets rid of whoever is not on her side of the barrier." And yet, with all this power in their hand, the Bolsheviks have failed to make the average Russian workman as happy as the average baboon in the forests of Africa.

NO; let us be sure that if we made as short work of "Capitalism" in this country as Lenin made of religion and scholarship in Russia, and if we told Mr. Maxton, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mr. Harry Pollitt and dear old George Lansbury to go straight ahead with their mechanical Utopia, quite apart from the question whether India would run with blood, Lancashire drop out of the world's business, and universal famine wipe us horribly off the face of the earth, there would still be many a brazen mouth urging us to try another form of government.

It is not "Capitalism" or any other ingenious device of world commerce that we want to be rid of, but humbug, ignorance, blindness of heart and the childish tomfoolery of Party politics. The poor devil out of a job and down on his luck is no better for the wrangling and rhetoric of Party politicians. He never has been; he never will be; he never can be. What he needs is not the humbug of self-interested men disputing over his sufferings in order to advance a new theory and their own personal fortunes; but the genuine sympathy and the strong befriending hand of an intelligent nation.

The quarrel I have with the liars of politics—those who profess to know not merely a cure for unemployment but a political recipe for human happiness—is that they deceive the poor devil fighting on his knees for the last vestige of self-respect, and divert the whole national attention from the true and everlasting way of human progress. They make us think of ourselves only as animals, and, shoving our animal needs to the forefront of our spiritual chaos, delude us into the idea that our souls are of no more importance than a Sunday School.

Every time there is a General Election we lose ground, lose time, and lose opportunities that never return. We are plunged back into the barbarous superstitions of humanity's turbulent past, when men believed in cracking heads and yelling war-cries of hate; and in the dust raised by this warfare of faction we lose sight of our true nature, overlook our real essential needs, and forget whence we came and whither we are bound.

IT is only since politics became a sort of mania with us, and half-educated windbags started up all over the country with new plans for regulating our animal life, that we have lost our old common-sense, our old feeling of comradeship and good will, and have contracted the bad habit of perpetual political crises and ever-recurring General Elections. Let us have done with all this puerile absurdity.

Politics cannot solve our problem, for the simple reason that it is not our bodies which are out of gear. We are thinking like pigs, talking like parrots, and behaving like pike.

KICK THE

Nobody wants Revolution except the miserable social failures of life.

AT their Conference before the Election, the Labour Party decided that no Communists should be admitted to its ranks. Despite this pointed hint that they were not wanted, Communist candidates have postured—or impostured—as supporters of the Labour Party, and, by artful pretence of identity in purpose, have secured the votes of many constitutional reformers. It therefore behoves the leaders of the Labour Party to make a further and even more pointed gesture: they must not only dissemble their love, but quite rudely and emphatically kick the rejected outside.

This difference is not one of nice terminological distinctions. It is vital. Millions of us believe that the conditions of existence for the mass of the people ought to be amended. Millions of us think that the distribution of wealth is not a fair deal. Millions of us are convinced that countless miseries inflicted on the bottom dogs might be repaired by generous common effort.

But the vast majority of those millions are just as sure that the conditions which they seek to amend would be worsened rather than bettered by the brutal arbitrament of Revolution. The vast majority would infinitely rather trust to the irritatingly slow progress of Parliamentary procedure than take the risks of a political earthquake.

Revolution was unavoidable in France in 1789, and in Russia in 1917, because the oppressed masses had no other medium of expression for their grievances. But to liken the conditions then existing in France or Russia with the conditions existing in Britain to-day is a gross and stupid insult to our nation.

Tom Mann, [illegible] for foolish talk about Revolution.

If we want a thing done, we can get it done. The business of Britain Unlimited is managed by the British. If we detect a defect in the working of our governing machinery, we point it out to our friends and persuade them to get it altered.

Revolution? What do we free and self-governing people want with Revolution? Nobody wants Revolution except the miserable social failures who see no other chance of advancement for their diseased ambitions.

Do you remember the speech of the Englishman in Conrad's Russian story, "Under Western

WHAT THEY MUST DO

by A. G. GARDINER

IT is time for the country to get on with the job again. The Government is faced with problems, and the happiness and prosperity of the community rest on their being solved. Here A. G. G. deals with the most important matters that must be faced

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, who deals with problems confronting the Government.

THE talk is over. It may be useful to take stock of our position and ask ourselves what are the most urgent tasks that the new Government will have to face and what we want it to do. And in taking stock of our position I do not propose to put on mourning. It is the fashion in some quarters to talk as though this country is attending its own funeral, that its grave is dug and yawning to receive it, and that there is nothing to do but draw down the blinds.

This is arrant nonsense. The world has come through the greatest surgical operation in history. It has been drained of its blood and treasure as it never was before, and it is taking a long time to recover. It is still in hospital, but it has turned the corner, and it is coming out. And in the process of recovery it is the plain fact that this country leads the way.

I do not know what good purpose is served by pretending the contrary, crying stinking fish, and making our flesh creep at the terrors of foreign competition that we have faced before and have beaten before. Let us be of good heart. Let us be fair to ourselves. Let us remember that we carried the whole financial burden of the European War, and that to-day all our Continental rivals are nationally bankrupt and coming, cap-in-hand, to borrow from us, and that we alone are solvent and paying our way. Why should we hide these things?

There is another reason for taking a cheerful view. I have always insisted in these columns that the world is not a curate's egg that can be "good in parts." It is like the normal egg—either good or bad. If the world does not hang together, it "hangs separately." That means that good relations and peaceful conditions are its first necessity. They are especially necessary to us, for, being the greatest industrial country in the world and the least self-contained, we cannot thrive by taking in each other's washing.

WE can only thrive by exchanging our manufactures for the food and raw material which we cannot grow ourselves. That is, we can only thrive by world trade, which, in turn, can only function in a world at peace. Now we are nearer peace, real peace, than we have been for ten years. Whatever may be our view of the late Government, it is entitled to claim some of the credit for that. More of it, of course, is due to the fact that France has become sensible, has dropped the Ruhr policy, and has fallen in with the scheme of European reconstruction. All this is to the good.

But while this is true and should give us confidence, it is no less true that much remains to be done before the country can be said to be out of the wood. There are still over a million unemployed in our midst, and the number is increasing rather than diminishing. Most of these belong to vital industries like iron and steel, shipbuilding and cotton, which are the pillars of British trade, and which are still gravely depressed. The result of this mass of unemployment is a weight of taxation which hangs like a millstone round industry, and, in turn, helps to check its revival.

How far, and in what way, can the Government deal with these related problems of bad trade, unemployment and high taxation? What is the root cause of them? I think there are two. The first is that the world has been scrapped, and is only slowly being consolidated again. When the machine is functioning once more, and peace is firmly established, trade will boom, the ships that are lying idle will be employed, the shipyards will be alive again and the blast furnaces relighted. One of the first tasks of the Government, therefore, is to push on with the peace. A real start has been made at last with the London Agreement. Let the Government see that there is no looking back. When we are prospering, all buying and all selling, there will be no unemployment, for the needs of the world are great enough to keep us all busy for a long time to come.

The second cause is domestic, and it is here that we must look for something more. It is undoubtedly true that one hindrance to trade and one cause of unemployment is the high cost of production which is hampering us, not only in external markets, but in our home markets. British ships are being built abroad because they can be built cheaper than at home, foreign steel is being produced at £2 a ton below the English price, and this week I saw vast quantities of Belgian bricks deposited for building operations in North London because they are cheaper than the cheapest English bricks.

WHY is this cost of production so high? There are various causes. The expense of maintaining a million unemployed is one. It cannot be put at less than a hundred million sterling a year, which has to come out of taxation, which has to come out of industry, and which makes everything we produce dearer.

Next is the enormous misuse of our power resources. We lag behind every great nation in the development of electrical power. We have the best coal seams in the world, but because we allow the poor mines to dictate the price of coal, and the rich mines to scoop the pool, coal is so costly that our iron and steel and shipbuilding trades, which depend upon cheap coal, are being driven out of business. Let the Government give us cheap power.

In the third place, we want cheap money. We have made an idol of deflation, and have sacrificed industry to the financier. We have strangled enterprise in order to keep money dear. Let the Government loosen this stranglehold of the financier upon trade. Let industry have easier money and more rope.

THERE remains the great question of the high cost of living, which lies at the root of the high cost of production. It should be obvious that this evil cannot be dealt with by tinkering with taxes on food or the commodities we use. We want cheaper food and cheaper commodities, not dearer. I have shown in recent articles how the high cost of living is due to the exploitation of the consumer by rings, trusts, combines of all sorts. It is by its success in dealing with this disease of profiteering that the new Government will be judged. Let it get fair play for the consumer, and it will go far to solve the riddle of trade depression and unemployment.

HEM OUT!

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

Eyes?" The heroine had taunted him with the charge that he belonged to a people "which has made a bargain with Fate and wouldn't like to be rude to it." His answer is clearly to the point: "In a real revolution—not a simple dynastic change or a mere reform of institutions—in a real revolution the best characters do not come to the front. A violent revolution falls into the hands of narrow-minded fanatics, and tyrannical hypocrites at first. Afterwards comes the turn of all the pretentious intellectual failures of the time. Such are the chiefs and the leaders.

...talk about ...olution.

"You will notice that I have left out the mere rogues. The scrupulous and the just, the noble, humane, and devoted natures, the unselfish and the intelligent may begin a movement, but it passes away from them. They are not the leaders of a revolution. They are its victims."

All revolutionary experience of modern times confirms Conrad's tragic summary.

In my lifetime I have seen two great revolutions. I was a small boy at the Lycée St. Louis in Paris when Napoleon III. was deposed. I stood on the bridge facing the Corps Législatif—now the Chambre des Députés—on the tumultuous fourth of September when the Republic was declared. I lived in the Boulevard St. Michel through the Commune and the Bloody Week when thirty thousand men, women, and children were massacred in the streets.

"*But what good came of it at last?*"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"*Why that I cannot tell,*" *said he*;
"*But 'twas a famous victory.*"

And the result was the triumph of reactionaries like Thiers, Macmahon, and the Duc de Broglie, and the long era of graft and corruption marked by the Grévy and Panama scandals.

I was in Petrograd through the Revolution year of 1917, saw the wild surge of joy on the Tsar's downfall, heard the people's rapturous applause of Kérensky's speeches. Then came Lenin and Trotsky and the cruel bloody tyranny of the Soviets.

Under the most favourable conditions, Revolution is a plaguily risky gamble. Under the democratic Constitution of Britain it would be idiotic.

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BLOOD-POISON.—"I scratched my finger and it festered for months. Lucky for me, Zam-Buk brought a wonderful cure. It ended all pain, inflammation and swelling, stopped the discharge, and healed the place perfectly." Mrs. Lilian Groombridge, 2, Randolph Road, Dover.

RINGWORM.—"When at school Annie had ringworm on her scalp which was a mass of fiery irritation. She lost most of her hair. Zam-Buk had a cooling and soothing effect and soon killed the disease." Mrs. A. Tootle, 51, Mill Street, Ormskirk.

CUTS AND BURNS.—"I have used Zam-Buk for cuts, burns, scalds, and in cases of blood-poison and eczema, and never once have I known it fail." Mr. J. Owens, 6, Hirst Street, Old Swan, Liverpool.

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The Sentence of the Court

DIVORCE A LA MODE

Unhappy Wives who Live in Hell

by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGED with conspiring to defraud of their right to happiness certain of His Majesty's liege subjects, to wit, the victims of tragically unhappy marriages, the Right Rev. C. F. Garbett, D.D., Bishop of Southwark, pleaded "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the prosecution was based on certain remarks made by the Bishop in his charge to the clergy of his diocese. Having asserted that marriage is "a life-long union, which can be broken only by death," the right rev. gentleman admitted that this view "might press hardly on individual cases," but, nevertheless, he opposed increased facilities for divorce, on the ground that "in the long run" they would be harmful to the community.

"This attitude," continued counsel, "is rendered more incomprehensible by the fact that what advocates of divorce reform desire is not easier, but saner divorce. Unless we were to emulate the methods of some American States where couples are matched in the morning and a divorce hatched in the afternoon, we could not make divorce much easier, at least, for the well-to-do, than it is. It is only necessary for a wife to write a formal letter imploring Cedric to return to her loving arms (though she would be very annoyed if he did) and for Cedric to send back a polite refusal, accompanied by a bill showing that he had stayed at the Grand Babylon Hotel with the sort of lady who provides 'evidence' on the hire system, and a Mayfair marriage of inconvenience is painlessly dissolved.

"But while this kind of divorce by post is scandalously easy for those who can afford it, a woman may be compelled to remain linked for life to a criminal lunatic because misguided fanatics, taking the stand that even an unholy alliance of this kind was 'made in heaven,' do their best to perpetuate it as a hell upon earth."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, in defence, said that in pleading guilty to conspiring against the happiness of certain citizens, his client, of course, understood that the charge referred only to their earthly happiness. The Bishop could not admit that such happiness as might be obtainable in this vale of tears was the be-all and end-all of existence. To preserve the sanctity of wedlock was a paramount duty, and this could not be done if individual hardship were made an excuse for wholesale divorce.

"I must confess," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that I am unable to associate the odour of sancity with a criminal lunatic asylum, nor can I discern anything holy in vows that bind an innocent woman to a murderer or madman. Were it not that the Bishop's 'lawn' is overgrown with weeds of ecclesiastical prejudice, he would realise that there is something rotten in a system of morality which countenances the life-long torture of an innocent wife or husband for the sake of preserving an outworn theological theory.

"Since the Bishop adheres so strictly to what he claims is the teaching of the New Testament on this matter, the sentence of the court is that he shall, for the sake of consistency, carry out another very definite, though perhaps equally impracticable, New Testament injunction, namely, the one that reads: 'Go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor.'"

Saints and Sinners.

The Prince of Race Winners.

Aga Khan and Our National Sport

by HESKETH PEARSON

ONE of Rudyard Kipling's most frequently quoted verses begins:

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

As between nations this may be true. But concerning individuals it is wrong. For East meets West in the Aga Khan. Though one of the finest examples of a cultured Oriental, he has managed to become a veritable part of western civilisation. He is just as much at home in London as in Bombay.

The process of westernisation has been going on for years; among our rulers he had come to be regarded as the spokesman for his co-religionists in the Councils of Empire; and everyone knew him as the great upholder of British rule in India. But it is only during the last year or two that he has achieved universal popularity in this country by his adoption of the national sport.

THOUGH his services in the Great War gained him the status of a first-class chief, with a salute of eleven guns, he still remained only a name to the majority of Britons. Though it was known to everyone interested in Eastern affairs that he was the acknowledged Head of half the Mohammedan world, to most of us he continued to be "just an Indian Prince."

Salmon Trout did the trick—or rather clinched the matter. Whether we won or lost on that particular "gee," there can be no doubt that the Aga Khan won his way into the national heart when it romped home. And in future, even if he were to deprecate our attitude towards Turkey, he will always receive our respectful attention as owner (and backer) of "the Trout."

H.R.H. The Aga Khan.

Aga Sultan Sir Mahomed Shah (to give him his full name) has been a great traveller all his life. There are very few bits of the world he hasn't visited, and as a result his everyday conversation is crammed with stories of places and peoples.

The King loves to hear him talk, and once referred to him as "an ideal guide to the Globe." His Majesty also admires the Khan's extraordinary mildness and moderation, and in every way they get on splendidly together.

He takes a world view of nearly every question, is extremely charitable by nature and as straight as a die in all his dealings.

I should say that he is about the most unexcitable racehorse-owner in the history of the sport.

ONCE, when he had just won a race, someone congratulated him. He returned thanks gracefully, without showing the least sign of pleasure or perturbation. The other was amazed, and said:

"There'd be no holding me if I were in your shoes—I should be dancing all over the place!"

"I prefer to pirouette, when at all, in a ballroom," replied the Aga Khan with a smile.

The Tragedy of an Outcast

UNEMPLOYMENT is forcing many a good man on to the roads. There are eight times as many casuals to-day as there were during the war years when work was plentiful. These men are not shirkers; they have merely been unfortunate. Does our casual ward system help them in their struggles or keep them for ever down?

by LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE CECIL (*Bishop of Exeter*).

OUR roads are once more saddened by an increasing number of workless wanderers. We see every type; the strong man looking for work he cannot find; the boy learning idleness and irregular habits; the old man filthy and hopeless.

During the war the numbers decreased. Tramp wards were closed; guardians congratulated masters on the diminished numbers, and the few that were still left belonged to that class of whom one could truly say they had great enemies, namely, themselves.

As unemployment continues, the number increases of men looking for work—which, everyone knows, cannot be found.

They go from town to town with every hope that work will be forthcoming. They apply at factory after factory. They try up many a lane to find the farm that needs hands. Hope gradually dies in their hearts. Time and poverty begin to tell on their appearance.

Everything that can be sold is sold to buy food or tobacco comforts. The look of independence is exchanged for the downcast look of the broken man till, after years of aimless wandering, the honest working man is turned into the hopeless and despised tramp.

Worse than in Prison.

A tramp is condemned to wander from casual ward to casual ward—some warm, some cold, some humane and kind, some brutal and harsh; sometimes sleeping on a plank bed, picking oakum and faring worse than the man in prison; sometimes, alas! seeking the prison rather than pursue this endless wandering in cold and wet, or, at least, being so indifferent to a punishment that is better than the tramp ward as to do a petty crime which has every chance of being discovered.

One wonders why Britain pays large sums of money in poor rates to maintain a system which sometimes drives men to crime and at best turns an honest and useful man into a tramp.

By the law of England every wanderer has a right to lodging and food. The law is a merciful and Christian law, but like so many laws, brings about the opposite result to that which was intended.

To prevent lazy and idle persons imposing on the charity of the parish, the casual ward is made unpleasant. Often the tramp is kept in a day to do some task. Sometimes he is made to sleep, wet and miserable, with only a rug on a plank bed, and he is not allowed to return to the same ward for a month, so he has no alternative but to become a wanderer.

Penalising Generosity.

If some humane Board of Guardians should make the lot of the tramp easy, and, as is often the case, some kindly master treat the vagrants with kindness, the stream of tramps ever wandering aimlessly about the country makes for that ward, and the guardians find that their humanity has resulted in a serious increase of expenditure.

On the other hand, if the master is insolent and brutal, and the fire is allowed to die out or is never lighted, so that the cold, ill-fed men shiver the night through, while we lie in our warm beds, the stream of tramps is deflected, and the chairman of the board has much pleasure in congratulating the labour master on his efficient administration, whereby the rates have been saved the keep of these poor wanderers.

What is wrong in this system is that a humane board is penalised and a cruel board rewarded. To meet this problem some boards have rightly agreed to pool their expenses, so that it shall be no longer the interest of any board to be harsh to these poor men.

But surely we must go further.

Poverty is no crime. No man can be blamed for not finding work at the present time. It is, therefore, unjust to make the casual ward in any way penal.

When there was plenty of work those who came to the ward were obviously shirking work. When the farmers would stop every man on the road and offer him a job, it was different; but now it is most unjust to class those who take refuge in a casual ward as work-shy.

The Seven Honest Men.

During the war the number of casuals fell to one-eighth of the present number. In other words, seven out of eight men on the road would work if it were possible for them to find work, as it was in the war years. If we encourage the penal casual ward, we are punishing seven honest men because we suspect the eighth of being a work shirker.

But I think we want to go further than making the casual ward non-penal. We want to help the poor fellows who are down. Everybody cannot be a success in this world, and when there are bad times it is certain that there will be a good number of down-and-outs.

Mrs. Sidney Webb, a keen critic of the Poor Law System.

So instead of the casual ward system we want the colony system, and not the cruel, hard, penal colonies that I have seen in other countries, where a poor man is treated as a criminal. There may be room for a penal colony, but the only way to the penal colony must be through the prison, after a just trial and conviction for some definite offence, or, more rightly, after a life of continued and habitual crime.

The colonies I want to see are kindly Christian colonies, under the superintendence of some Christian body, such as the Church Army, or the Salvation Army, or the Friends, or the Roman Catholics. The superintendents should be men of religion, the colony should be inspected by the State, and the parishes should pay the money they save off the casual wards to the maintenance of such colonies.

These colonies should be voluntary colonies, and no one should be put into them against their will. But the men who go in would have to sign that they would remain in the colony for six months, for I am certain we should do no good with ins-and-outs.

These colonies should be full of cheerfulness and brightness, where the poor broken man should be encouraged. There is such a lot to be done by giving them fresh hope.

Meanwhile, until we get the Poor Law altered—and I hope that the great work that Charles Dickens began will be completed, I would point out that there is a great deal of good that can be done at present.

The Bishop of Exeter.

For a good number of years I was connected with a Church Army home, and I wish I could take some of my readers into the gloomy casual ward and then take them next door into that cheerful lodging-house. I am certain every one would be convinced of the utility as well as the humanity of this good work.

But there is an even more beautiful work which should be much more widely spread, namely, the League of Our Father. In the League of Our Father there is no alms-giving at all. It does not compete with the lodging-house; it is not the substitute for the casual ward; it is just one of those rays of beautiful light that come down from heaven, which cruel, hard people cannot believe in, but which none the less are true and real things.

It is so beautiful, so simple; it seems to treat the poor, broken wanderers as ordinary men. A body of kindly ladies invite the wayfarers to a simple tea, and after tea they are entertained like other people.

No one is allowed to mention poverty, sickness or sorrow. No one is allowed, on any account, to give any money; and, above all, no one is allowed to patronise or to be supercilious to these poor wanderers.

Of course all my matter-of-fact friends whose eyes never have really reached much higher than the gutters of life will say, "It is a very harmless, but a very foolish plan;" but, as a matter of fact, it works wonders.

The Man who Wept.

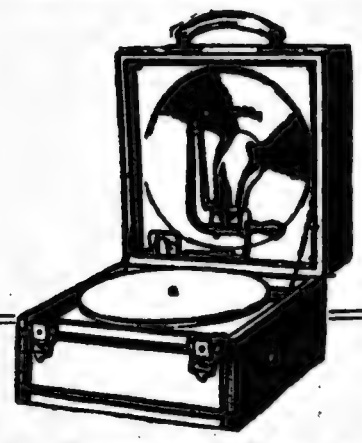
I remember when I first became acquainted with it, my gaze fell on a horrid, dirty old tramp in the corner. A lady had spoken kindly to him, and as I watched him I saw he turned his face to the wall so that he should not been seen in the dark corner.

Then I noticed that tears were falling down his cheeks. I could not ask him what was the matter as it was against the rule, for it would involve a reference to sorrow and sadness. So I followed him out, and I asked the old man what was wrong with him when we were in the dark road together.

I thought perhaps he was in pain. And he said nothing was wrong with him at all, but it was the first time for ten years that anyone had said a kind word to him.

I took note of his name and his story, and when I was next in the town where he had lived, I verified the facts; they were all true. He was a working jeweller, and had had a small business.

The business went bankrupt, and he got work on and off for a short time, but gradually he drifted down into the casual ward, and for years he had stumbled about England, hungry and wet, filthy and heartbroken, insulted by many a hard man his inferior in education and birth.



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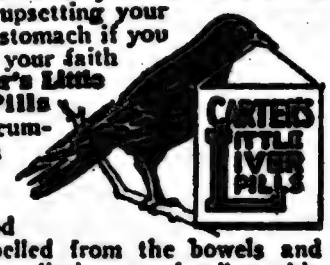

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

Human Documents.

The Girl in Trouble

And Other Intensely Human Stories and Problems from Real Life

"ABOUT six weeks ago, while on a week-end holiday, I became acquainted with a girl who seemed to me to be everything that a man could wish for. Our friendship ripened and was continued on our return home.

"Everything between us was quite open and above board, but at times she was rather quiet and pensive, and I thought my company was boring her. Gradually, the impression gained on me that something was preying on her mind, probably some big trouble in the past.

"Then, suddenly, while we were alone in a friend's house, the ghastly truth, or part of it, came out. She broke into a terrible fit of weeping, and on my enquiring what was wrong, she said she could not tell me. I advised her to go home, but this, she said, she could not do, and talked about 'going away somewhere,' but where she could not tell.

"IT was easy, of course, to guess what the trouble was, but not so easy for me to decide what to do. Although it was such a terrible shock to me, I simply hadn't the heart to leave her. I only wish that some men of my acquaintance could have seen what the consequences of their selfish actions might mean to a girl, when they pursue their illicit pleasures.

"The hour that followed was the most memorable in my life, trying to persuade her to go home and tell her parents, as I feared that she might do something desperate. Eventually, she agreed to go home, and on reaching the door I asked her to promise to tell her mother immediately.

"Her courage seemed to have failed her, however, and there and then I decided to break the news myself. This, you will agree, was not an easy task, as I was a complete stranger, but I thought it my plain duty, and was much relieved when they took her in.

"I HAVE been back at the house since, and received a very warm welcome. It appears the man in the case is an absolute rotter, and marriage is out of the question. As a matter of fact, it is more a case for the police, as the girl was doped and remembers nothing of what happened. It is only the desire to avoid publicity which prevents the father making a charge.

"My position, you will see, is rather curious, and I am rather in doubt as to my course of action. On consideration I have come to the conclusion that it would be folly for me to rush off and marry the girl, as I am not yet in a position to keep her in comfort. In any case, if a child comes, neither of us would have any love for it.

"Have I done right so far, and would I be right in waiting until this affair is over before resuming our somewhat interrupted courtship?"

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

"Humanist" says:—*You have done perfectly right. You are not compromised: there has been no declaration of love on either side: you are at liberty to go forward or backward. If you decide to go forward you do so with your eyes open, helping the girl who has been so ill-used. I hope you will: you seem to be a very good fellow—although I don't understand your hesitation.*

"I'M employed as a foreman on Road Construction contracts, but have a proposition put to me that requires careful consideration before accepting. I have a cousin, twenty-three years of age, who has just come into about £600, and desires to commence a broker's business, i.e., buying and selling furniture, metals, etc. He has asked me to join him.

Wage or Partner

"I have explained I have no cash, but he is prepared to lend me £150 at the very low interest of 1 per cent. per annum. So that we could start on an equal footing, it is suggested putting £300 in the business.

"My own knowledge of the business would enable me to 'carry on'—but my cousin, who is an orphan, has had no experience of the world; as a matter of fact, he has only worked on odd jobs at home for pocket money.

"My own case does not allow me to jump at any scheme, for, being a married man with four children, I have certain responsibilities.

"What I want to know is this: Must I give up a fairly good job and join my cousin—I admit the prospects of such a business are good, but the bulk of the work would fall on my shoulders, for my cousin is physically unfit to rough it—or must I decline the offer and leave him to his own resources? My wife and I are afraid that, left on his own (he is in lodgings), he will simply drift until his money has gone and then come to me, as I am his only relative, for shelter. He shows no aptitude for anything else, and lacks confidence."

"Humanist" says:—*You are asking me should you stick to a wage job or start a business with admittedly good prospects as partner in which you will have to do most of the work. I should say, start the business: making an arrangement to buy the other partner out by the return of his money and so-many-years purchase of his share of the profits. In the long run that would be the best thing for your wife and children.*

"I AM a sewing woman by profession. My husband, to whom I have been married for twenty years, has just deserted me for the twelfth time since our wedding. He has what is called the wanderlust. He simply cannot stay in his home. He disappears sometimes for months, and sometimes as long as two years. During that time he does not support me or the children. I have to do it all.

Wandering Husband

"When he turns up he usually gives me £10 he has saved and pays me his keep as well. He is a good kind man at home, and a good father. He has never been drunk or said an unkind word to me in his life. He loves his children. But once he goes away he doesn't send us a penny. Every time he goes away I vow I'll never take him back again—but every time he comes home he says he'll turn over a new leaf, and I hope for better times.

"Once I sued him for maintenance and he was imprisoned for two months. When he came out he disappeared just the same. I have had eight children, and I have five little ones to support now. Another man wants to marry me."

"Humanist" says:—*Put up with your erring husband and try to persuade him to treat you better. Give your children a chance to live with their father. Marriage is for better or worse: why throw up the sponge now, when things may improve?*

"MY father, a man of very good family, had several brothers—one of whom started to sow his wild oats very young. He would settle to no fixed profession, and always showed a liking for the company of the other sex, with the inevitable result. He was married early and for a time settled down. Just before his second child was born, however, he met another woman and was very attracted to her. He has been living with her for some years now and has several children by her.

Sower of Wild Oats

"He still visits us, and in all other respects is a very nice man. We have never seen the woman or children, but now he is bringing the children to see our relations, without any shame.

"Should we receive them and know them? The children, poor little things, have done no wrong; still, it is hard to see our lawful little relations passed by for their more handsome and illegitimate 'cousins.'

"What should we do, Humanist?"

"Humanist" says:—*Help all the little ones and leave all other considerations to look after themselves. Don't sacrifice innocent and helpless children on the altar of your respectability. Snobbish respectability is as offensive as cant and hypocrisy.*

Teacher and Taught.

"I am a young man of twenty-four, a Sunday-school teacher—and have fallen in love with one of my pupils. I have been out with her many times, unknown to the class, and am afraid my influence will be lost if they know, as they are bound to do by-and-by. Ought I to give up the class, keep on as I am doing, or try to forget her and study my class?"

You certainly ought not to do anything furtive. Why not ask the girl to give up the class if you think it affects your influence? I don't see why it should.

A Brother's Hatred.

"A friend of mine, who won the D.C.M. during the war, has recently become engaged to a very nice girl. Unfortunately the girl's eldest brother has shown great animosity towards my friend and has spread the rumour that he got his D.C.M. under false pretences. For the girl's sake he doesn't wish to have trouble with her brother, but his blood is rapidly reaching boiling-point. What do you advise?"

Tell the brother plainly that this sort of thing is not fair and must stop. If he refuses—there is no choice but to consult a solicitor. But a firm and friendly request should stop the trouble.

The Better Life.

"I am about to marry a very good and highly religious girl. Years ago I was cited as co-respondent in an exceedingly unpleasant divorce case, and damages were given against me. Am I doing right in concealing this story from my intended wife?"

Concealment is usually wrong, and you are under no obligation to reveal the past. But I should take her into my confidence. If you were not guilty, tell her so. If you were, also tell her and ask her if she can still love you. Good women are very forgiving to men, when they think the men really mean well.

An Office Thief.

"The book-keeper of the firm with whom I am employed has just told me, in confidence, that he has discovered the manager of his department has been falsifying the books to the extent of £50. He has announced his intention of going to the head of the firm and denouncing the manager without giving any warning. Should I be justified in warning the manager of the book-keeper's intention, and thus giving him the chance of making restitution; otherwise he will certainly lose his position."

Falsifying books is a very serious matter. You cannot divulge information given you in confidence. But you can and should warn him generally that at any time the books may be overhauled and should be in complete order. That I think is as far as you can go.

Bad Mother.

"I am married, but childless. My cousin's wife has five children—badly dressed, ill-fed and neglected. Her husband works away from home, but sends his wife most of his wages, which she spends in going out to dances, etc. The youngest child is ill with pneumonia, but as soon as it falls asleep off goes the heartless mother on pleasure bent. I was a nurse before marriage and spend most of my evenings with this helpless mite. My husband says I am encouraging this woman—but with a little life in the balance, what am I to do? Would it be very wrong to tell her husband, who does not know of the state of affairs?"

Nurse the child through the pneumonia, and argue the matter out afterwards. You will never regret helping a helpless child. Then tell the woman that if she does not do her duty you will inform her husband. That will probably keep her right.

Words Winged to Women

A Lesson for Mothers

by LADY TRUSTRAM EVE

I WONDER if all mothers realise the great object and value of games as a part of the everyday school life of their children? In my opinion the true games spirit is one of the greatest factors in life.

One of the greatest curses of the present age is selfishness, the attitude of "each one for himself." Our public schools, in spite of all their deficiencies, have stood for the opposite of this. They have engendered the spirit of honour and responsibility, making the Briton's word an absolute bond in foreign countries.

So well is this understood that our young men, civilians or soldiers, on duty in any solitary outpost of Empire, act in this spirit. A man may die at his post, but he will not let down Britain. He learned courage, the cheerful bearing of discomfort and defacement of self in his school games.

Lady Trustram Eve, Chairman, L.C.C. Parks Committee.

It is the lessons learnt in our young days that stay with us all our lives.

There is all the difference in the world between the training for individual sport, where the individual plays to win for his own honour, and training with a team for the team's honour.

THE young sportsman must train to make himself fit and hardy. Self-indulgence has no place in the sports régime. He must learn to efface himself if that is best for the team. And to learn self-effacement is to learn self-restraint.

Many thinking people may demur that already too much importance is given to sport to-day, that it plays an exaggerated part in our national life. Possibly this may be true of some phases of professional sport, though even in professional sport the same rigorous training and self-discipline must be undergone by those who play and do not merely crowd the sports ground to look on.

As for the good effect of sport upon the physical life of a child there can hardly be room for two opinions. We all admit that a healthy body is such a valuable asset in life that we would sacrifice almost everything else in order to have our children grow up A1. Moreover, we are beginning to recognise more and more that a healthy body makes largely for a healthy mind. We cannot, therefore, hope to have the kind of nation we need if a majority of children are allowed to grow up C3.

IN a smaller degree London's problem is that of every other considerable town and city in Britain. In London we have the difficulty of needing always more and more space. It is good to know that more and more use is being made of these spaces for the training of our school-children in their games. But when the ground is far from the school it is useless for this purpose. Time and money are needed to get there.

Let us hope that town-planning for the future will take into consideration this need of the children for spacious playgrounds and, learning from our difficulties, that coming generations will not suffer from the disabilities our children do.

We often ask ourselves: What is the matter with Britain to-day? Why is there no industrial peace? Why cannot employer and employed pull better together? And, why, in different classes of the community, is there such bitter feeling?

I answer boldly: Because the duties of citizenship are so often not learnt or entirely set aside, while the individual privileges of a British man or woman are strongly insisted upon.

Our young people, while young, are comparatively easy to train in better principles. I claim that games, played for a team or for a school, will teach lessons of citizenship and life more effectively than books.

That Enemy of Yours

EVERY man and woman has a secret enemy. Somewhere, hidden from the outside world, that enemy lurks, waits and stabs you.

It may not be a human enemy, but in the majority of cases it is an enemy that *need* not be an enemy, that could be vanquished in a minute or two.

It is the enemy of secret worry, of secret anxiety. Can you say *you* haven't got it?

Can you say that you haven't a care in the world, haven't a worry that comes and sits on your shoulders and chuckles into your ear? Do you sleep easily every night, and pass each day in a whirl of bliss?

Think!

Does it do you good to go about with an enemy ready to stab you at every opportunity? Those enemies are everywhere. They may be Business worries, Financial embarrassments, Love complications, Pension problems, Domestic differences, Legal quibblings—anything or everything. And you think you must go through life burdened with them? You need not.

JOHN BULL'S wonderful Free Advice Service is at your command. It does not matter what your problem is—write to us about it. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your query, and we will help you to slay your enemy.

This is the kind of enemy to whom you can't turn the other cheek. He must be killed.

Kill him to-night. Sit down at home and write to us. We've experts waiting to answer every question put to them—big or small. They've a battery of "heavies" ready to open fire on your enemies. And they "hit" every time!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

These windbags when they're once M.P.s
Prove costly pets to keep:
And yet it's people such as these
Who tell us "talk is cheap!"

Three times we've polled and this we're told
It's cost in £ s. d.
John pays the score, but asks once more
"What will the harvest be?"

At last the long and killing frost
Finds happy consummation:
And Rothermere again is lost
In frenzied admiration!

To-day's the day, when Fate will say
Who'll top the poll or foot it;
Each little cross means gain or loss
And none knows where he'll put it.

"JOHN BULL" says:

"DUGGIE rules an Empire of satisfied punters."
10/11/23

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Favourites Seldom Win

Go for a Good Outsider—More Winners from Manton—The Eternal Triangle

A PUNTER asked me the other day if I had a spite against favourites for the big races as he noticed I seldom selected one. I told him that, as a rule, I leave the favourites alone for two very excellent reasons:

1. They seldom win.
2. The odds are never fair.

This Year's Tale of Woe.

Sansovino deserves a vote of thanks for winning the Derby, Sir Gallahad the Lincoln, Pharos, Compiler and Tercsina for capturing cups, but here we come to the end of the successful favourites. In thirty other big races "the goods" have slipped up.

Bellman at 5 to 1.

In the face of this appalling blacklist thousands of punters rushed to back Bellman for the Cesarewitch. Mr. Frank Curzon's horse, who has not won a race since 1922, started at 5 to 1 in a field of 34! He may have been unlucky, but no wonder the bookmakers run about in Rolls-Royces.

Go for a Good Each-way Shot.

I think the man in the street, who likes his little flutter, will find that it pays him to let the fancied horses run for the layers and go for a good each-way bet.

My Final for the Cambridgeshire.

Since writing my notes last week I have decided to make Dinkie—each way—my final selection for the Cambridgeshire. I know that the 50 to 1 winner of the Royal Hunt Cup is fully expected.

Capital D.

Three of the whispered horses for the Cambridgeshire are D's—Dumas, Dawson City and Dinkie. There'll be some more D's afterwards if a rank outsider romps home.

More Winners from Manton?

I suggested that it would pay to follow Alec Taylor at Newmarket a fortnight ago. The Manton Wizard was right in the picture. He won seven races at the meeting worth in stake-money over £11,000. Taylor is after some of the Newmarket plums this week. Nearly all his horses are fit and two or three will be talked about for the classics next season.

The Eternal Triangle.

Who is it knows a coup that's planned?
A winner, tried to beat the band?
A horse that has a stone in hand?
The Tipster.

Who gives the Tipster half-a-crown?
Then gaily puts his money down?
And finds the Tipster's done him brown?
The Punter.

Who is it pouches all the swag?
A stone in hand makes tipsters brag!
But give *him* Fishers in a bag
The Bookie!

Patience Rewarded.

Few people are aware of the trouble trainers often take to rear a promising foal. W. Higgs won a race at Lingfield recently with Golden Drop—a half-sister to Dinkie—and bought her in after the race for nearly £600. A friend of mine tells me that Higgs bred this youngster and it looked at one time as if she would have to be destroyed on account of her badly-shaped legs. For several months she could not stand up, and during this time she had to be hand fed.

A Winner for Saturday.

I tipped Live Wire to win the London Summer Cup at "Ally Pally" and I think I have the winner of the London Autumn Cup at A.P. on Saturday—Melibeus. Jarvis' horse is just now in top-hole condition and is partial to the course. He won the corresponding race last season very easily.

Riding for the King.

I was very pleased to see that Joe Childs has been engaged to ride for the King. Joe is a fine, patient horseman, and I always like to see him on one of my fancies in a long-distance race. He won two war Derbys at Newmarket—on Fifinella and Gainsborough—but has not succeeded in capturing the Epsom race. Runnymede will be his mount for the Blue Riband of 1925, and I think this Hurry On colt will have plenty of backers. Childs was born at Chantilly and rode for several seasons, with great success, in France.

Joe Childs, the King's Jockey.

A National Hunt Hint.

One of the soundest hints I can give for the National Hunt Season proper, now nearly on us, is to keep an eye on French invaders, particularly Don Quichotte II., Abri, who failed in the Cesarewitch, and Helium II., who ought to fail in the Cambridgeshire if class has any meaning. Good class jumping goes on in France all the year round and their horses are generally in better condition at this time of the year than the average seen out here this side of Christmas.

The Champion Jockey?

Young Elliott, who is almost certain to head the list of winning jockeys for 1924, and for many years to come, rode his first winner in March, 1921. It has not taken him very long to reach the top of the tree.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

Newmarket, Thursday,
DINKIE (each way), CROSS BOW.
Newmarket, Friday,
TAJ MAHAL, SQUARSON.
Worcester, Thursday,
ARTEMIS, PETER PAX.
Worcester, Friday,
GOLDEN WAY, BOMBINO.
Alexandra Park, Saturday,
MELIBEUS, TROVOADA.

SELECTIONS FOR NOVEMBER 8.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.
Arsenal, *Aston V., *Huddersfield. *Liverpool, *Manchester C., *Newcastle, Sheffield U., *W. Ham.
AWAY WINNER—*Sunderland.
DRAWS.
*Blackburn R. v. West Bromwich A., *Notts F. v. Cardiff C.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.
Barnsley, *Blackpool, *Derby C., *Hull C., *Middlesbro', Wolverhampton W.
AWAY WINNER—*Wednesday.
DRAWS.
Bradford C. v. Clapton O., *Fulham v. Leicester C., *Portsmouth v. Manchester U., S. Shields v. Crystal Palace.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).
HOME WINNERS.
*Bristol R., *Charlton, Queen's Park, *Swansea.
AWAY WINNERS.
Bristol C., *Plymouth.
DRAWS.
*Exeter v. Norwich, Merthyr v. Luton, *Newport v. Swindon, Northampton v. Brighton, *Reading v. Millwall.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS.
*Barrow, Crewe A., Doncaster R., Lincoln, *Nelson, *Southport, *Walsall, *Wigan.
AWAY WINNERS.
*Chesterfield, *Darlington.
DRAW.
*Ashington v. New Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.
*Celtic, *Falkirk, Hamilton A., Hearts, *Partick T., St. Johnstone.
AWAY WINNERS.
Dundee, *Airdrieonians, *Rangers.
DRAW.
*St. Mirren v. Raith R.

(*For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

Does Real Football

SOME teams who aspire to the higher order of football must be asking themselves if it is worth while trying to play real football.

When you glance at the League tables, at any rate at the First Division one, you find three or four of the cleverest sides in the country without their proper share of points—that is, what they ought to have.

These sides are among the most popular because whatever the match, important or otherwise, class football is always their chief aim, but you begin to get the idea that the clever stuff does not pay nowadays.

Case of the 'Spurs.

Take the case of the 'Spurs. When playing their best game, I should call the London team just about the cleverest in the country and one it is a delight to watch.

The side has been built up by an astute manager with the object of having eleven players who are not only individually good but who harmonise.

In fact, he transferred one of the best centre-forwards there on to another club for the one reason that this player's methods, while most effective, were not bringing out the best in his comrades.

Stopping the Others.

And yet look what a comparatively poor season the 'Spurs are having.

It is true that there has been a decline from their high standard of a couple of seasons ago, but the real reason why the team is behind their fair quota of points is that most of their opponents, far from attempting to emulate the clever football the 'Spurs can and do play, set out to stop them at any cost.

I believe that in no match this season have the 'Spurs left the ground without one or more passengers.

I do not say all their cripples have been illegally injured, but not a few of them have been laid out by neck-or-nothing charges in which there has been a lot more force than has been necessary.

Modern Hurly-Burly.

In the hurly-burly of modern leagues there apparently is no room for the football we used to know, when you could attend any first-class game and be certain you were going to be educated as well as entertained.

It is a general lament that speed and size are a fetish nowadays, but this would not necessarily matter if there were more games than there are in which there was some of the old-time skill.

Then and Now.

Once upon a time, as the fairy book says, a player had to be a real footballer before he was even looked at. Nowadays, they are still learning, or trying to, long

the Big Races

Eternal Triangle—Riding for the King

PADDOCK PARS.

Jazz Band is an obvious tip for the Manchester November Handicap. He led the Cesarewitch field for over a mile and a half.

• • •

Some trainers must be very grateful that racehorses are not machines. Otherwise stewards would not accept their simple explanations.

• • •

Straitlace, who retires after her race this week, has won just on £25,000 in stake money. She has captured eleven of her fifteen races.

• • •

Horses are not always doped to lose. More often they are given a tonic to accelerate their pace.

• • •

Lane, Wheatley and Robertson will be riding in Egypt during the winter.

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Ragout.—Mr. Frank Curzon's splendid-looking chestnut ran well at Lingfield, and I am convinced that he will win another mile and a quarter race before the season ends. Ragout is a queer-tempered brute. In the paddock I noticed he was muzzled.

George B.—If The Dormans T.Y.O. Plate had been five instead of six furlongs I think Harper's two-year-old would have collared the spoils. Anyway, you can note George B. for a five furlong event.

Little Marten.—This five-year-old came over from Ireland last year with a good reputation, and was expected to pick up a big handicap. So far he has not won a race, but I shall be very much surprised if O. Bell does not turn him to account soon. Giving weight all round Little Marten finished a neck behind Vindictive in the Newcastle Autumn Handicap.

Clifton Lassie.—Look out for this youngster for a six furlong race. Basil Jarvis trains, and the colt has been on the shelf since May.

Gonedry.—Cottrill's stable is in splendid form just now and is sending out a number of good-priced winners. Keep an eye open for Gonedry. The gelding was terribly unlucky to be beaten by Open Prospect at Newmarket.

Glendun.—Will win for Batho before the end of the season.

Brixton.—Frank Hartigan sent this speedy four-year-old to Newcastle and expected to win the Meldon Handicap. Brixton started at 6 to 4 and was nowhere. The form is too bad to be true. I should give the son of Braxted another chance.

Hasty Catch.—This Hurry On filly is the biggest three-year-old in training. Although she finished among the also-rans in the race won by Harpist at Lingfield she showed a fine burst of speed. The half-sister to Tom Pinch and Captain, Cuttle will capture a sprint race shortly.

Wang.—Day's gelding is one to follow for the remainder of the season. He ran fourth to Congo and third to Dignity. Is almost certain to pop up at a nice price.

Royal Hussar.—Hine, who rode this fellow at Newbury, was caught napping and lost by a head. Royal Hussar is getting on in years but is still dangerous to oppose in selling plates.

SILVER RING.

"JOHN BULL'S CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Birmingham Mail, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express. Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

X A E S R M U 3 O B J T K I

2 W Q V P C L Y H G Z N D F

How to read the code:—In place of the letters of figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. C F B T W L U N would read MIGNAULT.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from October 20 to November 4 inclusive.

Pay ?

Skilful play crowded out of modern games.

after they have qualified for the maximum wage.

This is not as it should be, and the only reason I can advance for the general falling off in merit is that there are more so-called first-class teams than there are first-class players.

Whereas, say, twenty years ago, the best men gravitated towards certain clubs, they are now more widely distributed and mixed up with "players" who, as footballers, are not in the same class.

Ashton for the English Team.

The professionals are not exactly friendly towards the amateurs when it becomes a question of honours in representative games, but I know a few who are very sweet on Claude Ashton for a place in the national team.

This versatile fellow can play anywhere, but from what I have seen of him he is a born centre-half who might have before now become a really great player had he decided to have a permanent place in League football which, of course, he could have had had he wished.

What is the Reason ?

A reader has asked me why certain clubs which play more or less regular elevens go off and others come on.

For instance, can anyone say why Sheffield United are very nearly at the bottom of the First Division table? With the exception of their goalkeeper, they have the same resources as last season, and yet are getting nowhere near the position they had a year ago.

Then, again, take the case of Millwall and Portsmouth, to quote only two more clubs. Last season there was practically nothing between these sides: this season Portsmouth are successfully appearing in a class of football (the Second Division) where matches want ever so much more winning, while Millwall, with their old resources, have fallen off by 50 per cent.

Sometimes it is either the directorate or the management, or both, which gets the players' backs up, but if you cut any internal dissension out, then the only reason for teams or players going off is that they have not the spirit to overcome one or two unexpected reverses.

WEEK-END COUPS.

7 HOME.—Sunderland, Bolton W., Stoke, Manchester U., Plymouth., Darlington, Rangers.

5 HOME.—Sunderland, Manchester U., Plymouth, Darlington, Rangers.

3 AWAY.—Celtic, Newcastle U., Derby C.

3 DRAWS.—'Spurs v. Villa, West Bromwich v. Huddersfield, Notts. C. v. Manchester C.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Sunderland, Manchester U., Rangers, Celtic, Newcastle U.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Plymouth, Derby C., 'Spurs v. Villa.

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Should Children Be Told?

Our Readers Air their Views on This and Other Subjects

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Paying for Experience.

The article by Mr. Andrew Soutar emphasises the fact that our whole system of sex education (what there is of it) is wrong—utterly wrong. Our girls and boys ought to be taught things about sex from their parents. Too often they discover the dangers of life through their own ignorance, and then, alas, they must pay sadly for their experience. This is a grave subject, and ought to be a first consideration, either of the Minister of Health or the Minister of Education.—*T. H. P., Dover.*

Cloak of Hypocrisy.

Immorality can only be combated by presenting the facts of life to young people in a plain, straightforward manner. Sex matters are generally referred to in whispers, and "respectable" people consider it a breach of good manners even to mention the word "sex." Let us tear aside this cloak of hypocrisy; let us dissipate this atmosphere of "shame"; let us educate our children to an understanding of the most sacred thing in life. Progress can only come through education.—*William Leece, Liverpool.*

The Stoned Sinner.

Our whole scheme of "morality" is built on hypocrisy, and your wonderful article on "Morals that Lead to Ruin" shows this only too clearly. As one who has suffered—as a sinner who has been stoned—I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your exposure of this hypocrisy. People sit in judgment of their fallen sisters and brothers when they themselves are living double lives. The whole moral code needs reorganising. It has outlived its usefulness.—*Hilda.*

Let There Be Light!

The article by Mr. Andrew Soutar points an outstanding moral—children should be properly instructed in matters of sex. I know of many cases where lack of knowledge has resulted in individuals reaching manhood (?) only to be weak, indecisive, and degenerate specimens of humanity: people obviously unfitted to further propagate the race. The Victorian age, with its intensive, stuffy and narrow outlook, is past—though, in matters of sex, it still shows itself. Away with it: let there be light!—"*Don*" (*Lewes*).

Nature's Way.

Andrew Soutar may be a clever writer, but he can tell the world no more about morality than the Church has taught for ages. The Church can only teach, it cannot compel; and it is unfair to blame the Church on this question of morals. If the normal becomes abnormal, and vice is acquired through wanton contact with it, that is no fault of the Church. As regards the "dictates of Nature," one gets sick of the whole thing. Given the right spirit, the compelling force of religion (not sham) will bring the body into subjection. This talk of Nature is piffle.—*John Hulme, Bolton.*

The Age-old Instinct.

I think your correspondent, Mr. Andrew Soutar, is rather too sweeping in his statement that children are the fruit of selfishness, and that it is not for the sake of the child that a man and a woman indulge their sex love. The maternal instinct in most women is as strong as the sex instinct, and it is the desire for children, in many instances, that leads a woman to marry a man whom she does not love in the true sense. This, of course, is scarcely an argument in favour of marriage—but your contributor's article rather suggests that all children are in a sense "unwanted."—"*Mother*" (*Kent*).

Gutter Knowledge.

No doubt, after reading Andrew Soutar's article, there are many parents who will enlighten their children on sexual matters. Many say that these things should be taught in our schools, but why saddle our teachers with this obligation, which the parents themselves shirk? Thousands of our boys and girls leave school completely ignorant of the evils and pitfalls of life, and pick up from the gutter, in a most disgusting manner, snatches of sex knowledge which could have been imparted to them in a pure manner from those whom they would trust and believe before anybody—their parents.—*H. L. Wheeler, Ilford, Essex.*

Faith Healing.

Your paragraph, though it will not be relished by a certain section in this neighbourhood, comes as a timely warning. Reported "cures" in this connection are usually nothing more or less than a sudden utilisation of will-power. Usually, also, the "cures" are of brief duration—the period of recovery lasting just as long as it is possible for an intense effort of the human will to triumph over a diseased or crippled body. But so-called "healers" will always command a following, for it is not in the nature of suffering humanity to throw away what appears to be a chance.—*G. R. Denny, Bradford.*

Rabbit-coursing.

Cock-fighting and bear-baiting were made illegal long ago, but when will legislation be introduced to stamp out effectively such diabolical forms of animal torture, masquerading under the name of "sport," as rabbit-coursing, and kindred "amusements" of the idle, whether poor or rich? The writer was horrified to see a large group of bloodthirsty wretches indulging in this cruel practice on Saturday last. The rabbit had not an earthly chance of escaping.—*R. Glyn Williams, Bristol.*

Empty Churches.

You ask, "Why are our clergymen out of touch with us?" May I hand on to you the reply which I received from a famous author whom I happen to know, when I asked this self-same question of him the other day. Said he, "They are more interested in the collection than the congregation." Alas, it seems only too true! The age of men who lived to save souls rather than to obtain and hold a fat living is gone. To-day a "call from God" means, in ninety-nine cases out a hundred, a bigger stipend.—*Presbyterian, Elgin.*

Give us Beauty!

Our various housing schemes are leaving us with some drab and inartistic dwellings, and it is very unfortunate, for it shows a backward tendency. Many of our schools, too, are like bare barracks, and surely our children should get their knowledge in buildings which reflect beauty, and thus be led to appreciate the beautiful. I think it is time a definite stand were taken in this direction. The architecture of our buildings should be pleasing to the eye, and our local authorities should not pass any plans which are otherwise. Encourage a love of the beautiful.—*Cabus Neuk, Scarborough.*

Untrained Justice.

The assertion that there will be injustice so long as untrained men are on the Bench is rather one-sided. Paid and trained magistrates adjudicate in the Higher Courts, yet Appeal Courts are retained to review their decision. Is justice always done? The "Great Unpaid" often bring to the Courts a freshness of outlook and common-sense, resulting in decisions which better serve the ends of Justice than mere ecompliance with legal enactments. The professional trained man is apt to give a too slavish adherence to mere forms. Broadminded men should be selected for the Bench rather than, as so often happens, mere political puppets.—*S. D., Oban.*

The White Scourge.

Your persistent efforts to bring to the notice of the public the blundering inefficiency of the Labour Government regarding the Spahlinger treatment for consumption, deserves every praise. Their attitude of indifference in a matter of such vital importance to the people is indefensible. The remedy is in our own hands. If, during the election, the people had refused to support any candidate not whole-heartedly in favour of giving Mr. Spahlinger every opportunity to prove the claims he has made for his treatment, they might have been the means of bringing unbounded happiness into the blighted lives of thousands of sufferers.—*Wm. C. B., Preston.*

Autocrat Railways.

The principle of fixation of services and wages is proclaimed by railway magnates when labour demands a living wage, but they are silent about the parallel equity of fixing fares and service. If 1½d. per mile is to be standardised let it be for rapid transit in clean carriages and punctual trains. At present apparently the railways can paint "3" on a truck, call it third-class accommodation, charge 1½d. per mile and dawdle across country at ten miles an hour. For 1½d. per mile we want carriages approved by Government inspectors and a speed of thirty miles an hour between destinations. For anything less than that ½d. per mile. Some such stimulus is essential now the grouping has eliminated competition.—*Melbourne Garahan, Hunstanton.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"He STUCK HIS THUMBS in his armpits and PICKED UP HIS NOTES with nonchalance."

"CHRISTIAN HERALD":—"Wade went INDOORS, and with bent head WALKED DOWN THE STREET, across a little river and into green pasture-land."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"On his way to the station he produced the CHAIR from HIS POCKET."

"BURNLEY EXPRESS":—"TEARS filled Enid's eyes and dropped on to the FUTURE, and in spite of herself she shrank back."

"LEICESTER MAIL" (serial):—"There was white bread and golden butter; a can of PEACHES was KILLED and emptied into a glass bowl."

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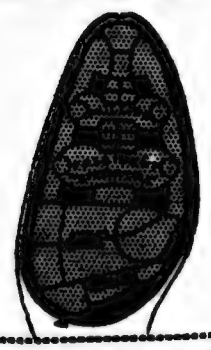

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Motoring for the Million

New Year's 'Bus

by MOTOMAC

THE Great Show at Olympia is over again for another year, and when springtime comes some thousands more will be added to the great company who find their chief delight and recreation on the open road.

In spite of everything, the Show has been a success, and although smaller and cheaper cars have been bought and sold, I was glad to see the interest in some of the medium sized motors has not diminished.

It is a natural tendency. We start with a two-seater, or a chummy, but we find that there are so many reasons when an extra passenger has to be taken that we immediately aspire to something bigger. It is a good thing, for many of our small 8 h.p. cars are so apt to be overloaded. The 12 h.p. and the 14 h.p. are beginning to take our fancies.

Political work prevented one from attending the dinner of the Austin Company. What pleasure it must have brought to every Britisher when Sir Herbert Austin was able to declare that as a result of the show Austin works were full up for a year ahead.

It proves that the little seven has caught on; it also proves that their twelve has attained the success it deserves. The Twelve Austin is a 'bus that the average family man can enjoy handling. It is smart, roomy, comfortable, with a marvellous turn of speed and a lively and economical engine. What more can man or woman want?

The Bean 14, the Crossley 14, the new Rover 14, solid, smart engineering jobs every one of them. There is no need to go abroad for the family car, when there is such quality at home.

There was not the same discussion about overhead valves. It seems to be accepted by all that for rapid acceleration there is nothing quite like them.

The sleeve-valve engine, of course, has always held the field where silence was a requisite factor, and I was glad to see the single sleeve type being demonstrated to an admiring audience. It is simpler in form than the Knight type, and will come into its own one of these days.

PROBABLY owing to cheaper petrol quite a number of motorists of modest means have gone all out on a Six. I rather envy them. The most popular was the new Buick Six. An Empire car that has always had a reputation for wear and tear. A good job at a reasonable price. The Buick Six from all accounts will annihilate distances. The smaller capacity, and consequently lower tax, will make it a possibility for many who would have liked its forerunner, but did not like a £27 tax.

Among the cheap Sixes in the show, the Essex made a great appeal. At £295 for a touring model, or £323 for a saloon, there seems little reason to confine oneself to a small car. Only two years ago, we paid more than that for a humble two-seater.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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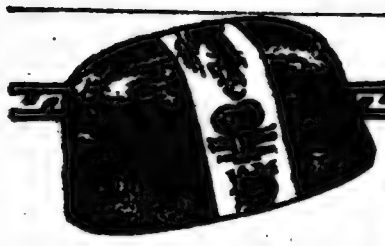

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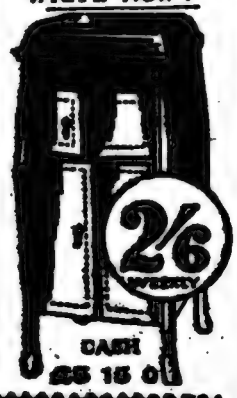

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READ in my Free Book, "Mind, Music and Keyboard" how you can become a brilliant pianist this winter—without drudgery—make surprisingly rapid progress that will astonish you and all who hear and admire your playing. I have taught entirely BY POST thousands of highly delighted students, including many who, under personal word-of-mouth teaching, had given up in despair

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Like Magic for Cleaning.

Tins Everywhere, 4½d. and 8d.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page 21.*

F. F. (Ludwick).—"Drink is a viper." Great Snakes!

G. O. (Smethwick).—"This is a crying shame." Pass the hanky.

V. C. (Alloa).—"Words cost nothing." Ever try telegraphing them?

R. E. (Nottingham).—"My car can go over sixty an hour." Dogs, pedestrians, or miles?

H. D. J. (Liverpool).—"Do you believe in drink?" Delete the first two letters, and we're with you.

B. P. (Harrow).—"All the time I was in the Army I was in a mess." Hope it was the sergeant's mess.

S. V. (Bristol).—"My wife and I have never had a holiday." What—been together all the time?

W. Y. (Harwich).—"I'd like to live completely cut off from the world." Then get a telephone installed.

E. E. (Holt).—"Why doesn't the B.B.C. send out more fairy tales?" Political propaganda is not allowed.

W. N. (Stoke).—"We want the best brains for our schools." True. We also want the best schools for our brains.

G. H. (Lincoln).—"I suppose all women have a dangerous age?" With most of them it extends from the cradle to the grave.

T. L. (Chelsea).—"Do you think if I married I could make my wife happy?" Well, she'd always have something to laugh at.

R. O. (Harrogate).—"Going up in aeroplanes must be a dangerous job." Not at all. It's coming down that has the snag in it.

V. V. (Crewe).—"I do wish I could stop my girl powdering her nose in a 'bus!" Start combing your moustache in the Tube.

E. T. (Hythe).—"Tradesmen won't accept my cheques. They say they don't know me." It seems to us they know you very well.

N. S. (Cardiff).—"London policemen are the most courteous men I ever struck." We shouldn't advise you to do it too often, though.

H. F. (S.E. 14).—"A lady had the cheek to offer me a shilling because I told her the way to go." We should have pocketed the affront.

C. S. (Leatherhead).—"It must be a serious thing to be a magistrate." To judge by the quality of their jokes it is a very serious thing indeed.

A. Q. (Canterbury).—"If only three people are singing and playing in the flats around us, we call it quiet." And if we receive a letter of merely seven pages, we call it short.

I. D. (Leeds).—"Can you tell me just what a coincidence is?" Twins.

D. F. C. (Exmouth).—"Why *shouldn't* I get on?" Well—why *don't* you?

G. F. K. (Rowsley).—"It is the wife who is smart." And the husband who has to.

W. O. (Crowborough).—"Whatever I do, somebody objects." Alas! We were no exception!

G. T. (Ramsgate).—"I suffer terribly from a persistent headache." A sort of aching void, as it were.

N. B. (Mansfield).—"I'm taking lessons in playing the harp." That strikes us as about the limit in conceit.

A. Q. (Rockhall).—"We must teach our wives." But it's so darned difficult to get them to listen!

J. P. (Edgware).—"So we have formed a company to make cheap clocks." May it never be wound up.

G. G. H. (Ludlow).—"It costs a fearful lot to move nowadays." Believe us, it costs considerably more to stand still!

N. H. (Horley).—"It is always best to rise by one's own efforts." Sure, it's not everyone can afford a good alarm clock.

A. D. B. (Churchup).—"It seems to me that here I can get in touch with nobody." We're on the telephone, too.

S. G. (Maidstone).—"Don't you agree that the world is too full of cant?" We do, emphatically. What we want to do is to say that we *can*.

D. W. (Edinburgh).—"My boy has got his foot firmly planted on the first rung." Good luck to him! If the lad climbs the ladder he'll become a leader.

E. F. R. (Exeter).—"Don't you think you're just a bit *too* deep?" Not at all. The more water you've got under you, the better you can swim.

P. C. (Dover).—"Although I say it myself I believe I'm a good deal better than most of my neighbours." What a bad attack of "I" strain you've got!

E. N. (Petworth).—"My wife used to be a chatterbox, but I've trained her to be quiet." You have only to advertise Courses of Instruction, and your fortune is made.

W. J. O. (Manchester).—"West Ham isn't shouting." Nor East Ham, Barking.

B. I. (Rochford).—"Man is the main issue." And woman, of course, a side issue.

F. K. (Ealing).—"You have no evidence that I am not quite right." We have your letter.

L. J. (Chester).—"There are two sides to this question." Yes. Yours and the right side.

K. A. (Brixton).—"I can crack walnuts with my teeth." And chestnuts with your tongue?

H. K. (Folkestone).—"Men should not deceive their wives." No; they shouldn't even if they could.

P. H. (Hendon).—"And finally, to tell the truth——" Ah! We thought it was about time.

H. K. (Chelsea).—"Some lawyers are better than others." It's about six of one and eight of the other.

A. N. (Oxford).—"My office boy is always whistling a tune." You're lucky. Our office boy just whistles.

T. S. (North Shields).—"He has that vacant stare." Which suggests something to let on the top storey.

T. R. B. (Windsor).—"There is an evil spirit about." Sure! We had some, with soda, at lunch time to-day.

B. N. (Byfleet).—"I glanced up and saw a peculiar-looking man gazing at me." Then, we suppose, you went on shaving.

W. W. W. (Larkhall).—"If young people desire to learn wisdom let them keep their eyes open." And their mouths shut.

B. M. (Liverpool).—"Wet weather means money to some people." It certainly gives them a chance to float something.

H. B. (Dartmouth).—"A Government, numerically strong, is the country's finest insurance." Granted that it has the right policy, *of course*.

A. V. C. (Taunton).—"There is no need for politicians on platforms to use their voices at all." We disagree. Illusionists find patter very useful to aid the deception.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

H. J. (London).—"M.P.s are very sweet round about election time." Candied dates.

G. K. (Neasden).—"Women can keep a secret still." So can men—especially in America.

S. J. (Ilford).—"I write an awful lot of letters." You must, if this one is a fair example.

M. V. R. (Kilmarnock).—"I have a case on my mind." Which is much better than a box on your ear.

R. C. (Barnstaple).—"After all, what is the difference between a wage and a salary?" A collar, frequently.

T. L. (Crowborough).—"I can forecast the weather weeks ahead." What a miserable future you have!

S. L. V. (Staines).—"Our legislators must learn to walk before they can run." And stand before they can sit.

R. K. (Doncaster).—"Many doctors are too much given to sermonising." Still they practise as well as preach.

P. R. C. (Sunderland).—"Now I simply love bananas." So long as you don't make a song about it, we don't mind.

G. M. (Leytonstone).—"What is a shadow cabinet?" Possibly the one you pay for on the hire-purchase system.

M. D. (Hackney).—"Is it because of any shortage that the price of bread is going up?" Yes: the bakers need more "dough."

M. Y. (Hull).—"I enclose some poems I've written. What ought I to get for them?" Don't know. We're an editor, not a magistrate.

P. N. A. (Aldershot).—"I am prepared to justify what I said." Why not say something just instead of something which needs justifying?

E. C. (E.2).—"Being a waitress, I depend entirely on my job for my bread and butter." Your customers also depend on it for theirs.

W. J. (Llanelly).—"Every workman ought to earn more than he does now." Agreed, so long as he proves that the labourer is worthy of his higher.

R. B. W. (Notting Hill).—"The ballot is the working man's opportunity." And *Bullets* is everybody's opportunity—we're offering £1,000 and 150 Turkeys this week.

B. L. (Putney).—"A lot in jazz music depends on the time." In our opinion the performers should be given more time. And when they come out—more time still.

G. K. (Tynemouth).—"I took my girl to the cinema one night and went by myself the next night." We suppose you wanted to see the pictures the second time.

A. L. A. (W.7).—"Let us have economy in the teaching profession by all means." No, only by sensible means, which to-day doesn't mean attacking first the teacher's means.

F. D. (Hastings).—"I flatter myself I have attained to years of discretion." Which means, we suppose, that you now have the discretion to hide your indiscretions.

"FED-UP" (Mickleton).—"I have all the best things of life, but I'd rather be dead." If you *gave* to life your best, instead of taking the best, you wouldn't want to give it best.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

WINSTON CHURCHILL:—Whoever told you I changed my views?

For unblushing effrontery you take the cake. People have more intelligence than you think.

* * *

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS:—Some politicians have hides like a rhinoceros.

Others are so thin skinned that they object to the searchlight of truth being thrown on matters which concern the public.

* * *

C. N. CRISP:—The Labour Party is the one Party that is sound on Free Trade.

As a matter of sheer fact the Liberal Party makes the same claim.

* * *

COMMANDER GRIEVE:—It is no use saying we have had the last war.

Every use: if the people said it—and meant it—we should have had the last war.

MR. ASQUITH:—The Labour Government's record is one of unredeemed sterility.

We like fair play. That is why we point to their conduct of foreign affairs.

* * *

MR. BALDWIN:—Private enterprise means efficiency and cheapness.

Not always. How do you explain the inefficiency of private enterprise in providing cheap houses?

* * *

G. M. TREVELYAN:—History does not provide short cuts for modern statesmen.

It could provide warnings, though, were statesmen less blind.

* * *

GEO. LANSBURY:—I never talk unless I have something to say.

Possibly—but you so seldom have anything to say worth listening to.

10,000 AILING PEOPLE WANTED

Month's Treatment sent —no fee unless benefited

The vitalising powers of our natural medicine are so astonishing that you would hardly believe them, even if we published all the 24,000 testimonials that we have received. Therefore we do not ask you to believe, or to pay one penny piece until you have proved what it can do for you. We will send you a whole month's treatment—over 100 doses—on your simple promise to try whether Vitæ-Ore will do for you what it has done and is doing for other sufferers in your town and every other part of the Kingdom. If you say you are no better, it has cost you nothing. It cannot possibly do you any harm. There is not an atom of poison or harmful element in it, and it is quite pleasant to take; you drink it instead of water. All our tens of thousands of customers first tried Vitæ-Ore at our risk. We want 10,000 more ailing persons to do the same. Many people who suffered from serious chronic ailments, like Neuritis, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and affections of the kidneys and bladder, which nothing seemed to touch, have told us that Vitæ-Ore worked like magic. The most desperate cases have been cured. Your case may seem equally hopeless, and yet without a farthing of risk you can at least try what Vitæ-Ore can do. Perhaps your ailment is of a less serious nature. You may be merely run-down, a little anæmic, a sufferer from dyspepsia or inability to digest and derive benefit from your food; you may be nervous or neuralgic, or may suffer from those distressing backaches and pains in the side, if a woman. Never a day passes without some sufferer just like yourself writing to us, delighted with the effects of Vitæ-Ore, and proving that he or she is benefited, by sending the money. That is all we ask—that if you feel better you shall pay the very small price of 4s. 6d. for the whole month's strengthening, vitalising, curative treatment.

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Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine or quack remedy; it contains no drugs. The Government analysts exempted it from patent medicine stamp duty. The *Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

Vitæ-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

WHAT VITAE-ORE HAS CURED.

The vitalising and rejuvenating effects of Vitæ-Ore are proved by the great variety of ailments which it has cured. They include such things as:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism and
Neuralgia	Neurasthenia
Headaches	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder
Lumbago	Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Chronic Catarrh
Dyspepsia	Sluggish Liver and
Chronic Indigestion	All run-down conditions due to the
Eruptions of the Skin	Stomach, Kidneys,
Backache in Women	Nerves and Liver
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Vitæ-Ore is also a most effective tonic: it quickly improves the appetite and digestion, and increases the vital forces.

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THEO. NOEL CO. LTD
(Dept. 19),
29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C. 4.

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Please send me a month's supply of Vitæ-Ore with full directions and free book of particulars. I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days. If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case You are to charge me nothing.

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We Cure ECZEMA, LUPUS, SYCOSIS (and all Diseases of the Hair and Beard), RINGWORM, ACNE, ITCH, PSORIASIS, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS (Varicose and Rodent), and ALL ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN

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Saves Lives!

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GEE'S LOBELLINE

The Great Lung Protector

MARVELLOUS FOR COUGHS, COLDS ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP.

Bottles 1/3 3/- 5/- Lozenges 1/3 tin.

Obtainable at all branches of Boots, Needhams, Squires, and all chemists, or post free from (Dept. J.B.),. Stirchley Laboratories, Birmingham

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These one-piece garments greatly surpass the old style two-piece underwear. There's no vest to rock up—just one perfect fitting garment. Ideal for sports and other wear.

Special Value in Wool and Cotton at 12/6. "Meridan" Combinations with touch like silk, 18/11. All Wool, 19/11, 22/6 and 24/6 These include all the best known makes Send chest measurements We offer you the finest underwear value in the country See our Autumn Wear Booklet.

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Genuine 4,000 ohms resistance. "Brightonia" double headphones, heavily nickel-plated, fitted with adjustable headband in two sections, of the very latest and most comfortable type. Absolutely pure musical reception is secured by the laminated magnets and highly sensitive diaphragms of exceptional thinness and accurate adjustments. Altogether the finest head set ever offered, no matter at what price. Fully guaranteed 5 years

OUR UNHEARD OF TERMS.

We send a pair of these high-quality headphones upon receipt of 1/- deposit. If satisfied you send 2/6 more on receipt and the balance by instalments of 2/6 until only 22/6 is paid. Price full cash with order (or within 7 days of receipt), 21/-. Send P.O. now to:—

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An Election Every Week

Some Candidates for Your Sympathy

IN the midst of the turmoil and excitement of a Parliamentary General Election, with its clamour of eloquence from thousands of platforms, it is not an easy matter to turn the thoughts of the public from politics and Party battle-cries to the necessity for alleviating the poverty and distress suffered in silence by so many of our fellow creatures.

Yet even the political warfare which has just been waged may serve as a text for an appeal on behalf of helpless humanity.

The mere possibility of an annual General Election which has been talked about during the past few weeks has proved sufficiently disconcerting to make us wonder how our readers would regard an election every week as an actuality.

That is what we have to face in the administration of "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

Hundreds of candidates for relief place before us each week their claims to our consideration. There are very few of them whom we would not support if we could. They are nearly all genuine cases of desperate distress, often of absolute destitution pitiful to contemplate. Work-shy ne'er-do-wells, idle spongers, clever begging-letter writers, professional mendicants with money in the bank and mythical families crying for a crust of bread, all these garrulous gentry who toil not but spin a fine yarn to impose upon charity, have long since learned that they can look for little sympathy from us.

The Parliamentary voter, as a rule, does not have more than three candidates to consider. One he generally admires, another he would tolerate as an alternative, while the third he probably detests. His problem is a simple one compared with ours.

OUR difficulty is to elect, from a multitude of deserving candidates whose appeals are properly attested by experienced social workers, those who have the first call upon the bounty.

Our task would be a happier one if our readers would subscribe more generously to "The Greatest of These——" Fund, which we administer entirely at our own expense, paying all the costs of investigation into the candidates' circumstances and distributing in relief every penny contributed by our readers.

Vote now, in pounds, shillings and pence, for happier homes for these poor helpless ones on whose behalf we plead for your sympathy.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—"Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Percl Vere's 5th 9th, 3s.; Port Talbot, 8s. 6d.; Widow, 6d.; R. J. H., 11½d.; Gander, 2s. 6d.; T. E. D., 3s.; Stargazer, 4d.; M. A. C., 3d.; Carver, 1s. 1½d.; J. D., 1s.; A. Verd, 1s.; B'ham, 1s.; H. A. T., 1s.; Bognor, 7d.; Birmingham, 1s. 5d.; C. Ledger, 3s. 6d.; B. Beekie, 6d.; Eastbourne, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Lillian, 5½d.; G. R. Radmore, £1; E. C., 6d.; Sanquhar, 1s.; F. Siddons, 10s.; "Target," 1s.; Bert, 6d.; W. P., 10s.; R. G. Evans, 10s.; A. James, 6½d.; Corn Harvest, 1s.; X. Y. Z., 2s. 4d.; Mrs. Stanley, 1s.; A. Findlay, 1s.; "Eileen," 1s. 6d.; "Con Amore," 4s.; "Lea Rig," 2s.; A. W. M., 6d.; F. E. B., £1; "Gordon," 5d.; D. S., 6d.; "Butter," 7d.; H. J. T., 7d.; Poults Weekly, 1s. 6d.; A Promise, 1s.; Tiptree, 1s. 4d.; Widow, 6d.; E. A. C., 2s.; Birthday Ninth, 6s. 6d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s. 6d.; Ginger, 1s. 9d.; C. D. B., 2s. 3d.; A. H. B., 4s. 6d.; "Shoras," 1s.; H. Bush, 3d.; E. Bennett, 2s. 6d.; "Beverley," 6d.; A Ninth, 5d.; G. W. O., 1s. 1½d.; M. J. S., 2s.; Ex-Cook, 6d.; A. R. Reader, 4s.; M. Sharp, 6d.; Tar-John, 1s.; T. N. Bishop, 5s.; O. Hope, 2s. 6d.; M. Gale, 1s.; F. G. & R. F. F., 1s. 6d.; C. M. G., 1s.; Tommy—Ceylon, 2s. 6d.; M. P., 1s.; H. E. W., 3s. 6d.; E. H. A., 6d.; E. Holwell, 1s.; Parish Relief, 10d.; Mrs. Smith, 6d.; A. B., 1s.; Mrs. H., 6d.; W. H. Wilkinson, 1s. 6d.; A. L. F., 1s.; For Luck, 3d.; M. B., 1s.; E. M. Bull, 6s.; Gardeu of Love," 1s.; Calshot, 6d.; Long Tom, 6d.; Friday 9th, 6d.; Ellerslie, 1s.; "27," 6d.; Exactly One, 2½d.; Widow, 1s. 4d.; S. Davis, 1s.; My Ninth, 4s. 3d.; G. P., 2s. 6d.; M. C., 1s. 6d.

E. D., 1s.; O. A. Pensioner, 1s. 2d.; My Ninth, 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Scales, 2s.; M. A., 6s.; "Dal's," 1s. 6½d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Unlucky Trier, 6d.; "Amateur Painter," 10d.; F. A., 5d.; God's Gift, 1s.; "Third Ninth," 10 francs; A. Williams, 4d.; Old Sport, 6d.; "Must not Grumble, 1s.; C. McD., 6d.; "Luckless," 11s. 3d.; Sonica, 1s. 5½d.; Felix, 1s. 6d.; R. G. Allen, 6d.; Vent, 6d.; Poor Woman, 6d.; E. Hayward, 7s.; Braintree, 2s.; B. McGrath, 1s.; F. Kempston, 1s. 6d.; M. T. P., 4d.; L. C., 6d.; Waxey, 2s. 6d.; Third Porter, 2s. 2d.; K. M. H. O. P., 2s.; H. C., 1s.; Carnforth, 1s.; Ninth, 4d.; Nell, 1s.; Heather Brae, 6d.; Laetrice, 6d.; "In Memory of Howard," 5s.; M. Cooper, 1s. 6d.; C. Riches, 6d.; Lucky One, 1s.; R. M. T., 1s.; Pottery Worker, 1s.; T. W. Jones, 3s.; S. B. Mc., 2s. 1d.; Clinker, 1s.; Sweet Nineteen, 4d.; Disabled T. L., 1s. 6d.; Gas Meter, 9d.; For Luck, 6d.; Wellwisher, 1s. 2d.; "8316," 1s.; Bryn Ynis, 3s. 3d.; J. Beaton, 6d.; Philomath, 1s.; Masonica—Calcutta, 2s. 6d.; L. Morris, 1s.; J. H. S., 2s.; Phelo, 1s.; T. L., 6d.; W. Bognor, 10d.; T. W. B., 1s.; Nimrod, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Weller, 2s. 6d.; Lonely One, 1s.; S. A., parcel; Sympathiser, parcel; Longing Eye, 6d.; Cardiff, 1s. 6d.; No. 9 Oxford, 2s.; W. G. B., 1s.; E. B. Wilcox, 6d.; J. W. Sheppard, parcel; Given Freely 1s.; Mrs. C. Hyde, parcel; R. R.'s Ninth, 5s.; B. A., 1s.; G. Wickens, 1s. 6d.; Workshop Widow, 6d.; "Mitey," 4½d.; "Hillfoot's Mite," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; "W.," £1; D. M., 1s.; B. Beekie, 6d.; Preston, 4½d.; "A1," 4s. 4d.; D. S., Wee Bite, 3s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; A. L. H., 12s. 6d.; E. W. A. L., 6d.; Shunter, 1s.; Malton, 1s. 6d.; Dark Days Ahead, 1s. 8d.; Reader for Years, 1s. 6d.; Servo Pacto, 1s. 1½d.; Bad Shot, 7½d.; Gunner, 2s.; G. Claber, 1s. 6d.; Mother, 6d.; Unlucky Punter, 3s.; Kay Bee, 2s.; E. H. Robe, 2s. 6d.; D. H., 2s.; Poor But Happy, 6d.; Mrs. W. Welch, 1s.; Manchester, 7½d.; G. Dale, 2s. 3d.; P. D., 6d.; Poor Widow, 1s.; Ads Ninth, 6d.; Two-Nines, 1s. 6d.; A. Beveridge, 7d.; J. P. Willetts, 6d.; "Belated Ninth," 1s. 6d.; Another, 3½d.; Olde Leeke, 5s.; Football coupon, 6d.; Miner's Wife, 1s.; J. Birse, 1s.; Rickety Gate, 6d.; Sand Hopper, 1s.; Unemployed, 6d.; Happy M., 5d.; H. Weiss, 6d.; Lonely War Widow, 1s. 6d.; C.-on-M.76, 4d.; S. L., 1s.; On the Ninth, 3d.; Encore, 1s. 6½d.; Eccose, 5s.; Wave, 6d.; Braintree, 5s.; R. J. Davies, 1s. 6d.; W. M. J., 1s.; Sydney Death, 2s. 2½d.; R. H., 1s.; Bernard, 6d.; St. Leger, 3d.; One to another, 6d.; N. H., 6d.; Dorset, 6d.; "Rock," 9d.; P. G., 1s. 6d.; "Roman Catholic," £5.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners:

(Continued from page 31.)

stead; L. Prebble, 114, Hall Rd., East Ham; Miss E. Randall, 15, Sark Rd., L'pool.; Mrs. Reeves, 55, South End, Croydon; Mrs. M. Reeves, Confectioner, Chapel St., Leigh, Lancs; J. H. Roberts, 47, Ruskin St., Kirkdale, L'pool.; J. Roberts, 43, Sandy Park Rd., Bristol; Miss E. Roby, 102, Brixton Rd., London, S.W.; Miss E. V. Salsa, 52, Hanover Flats, Thomas St., London, W.; W. H. Salisbury, 18, Brighton Rd., Darlington; F. H. Severn, 131, High Rd., Balham, S.W.; Mrs. A. Shaw, 56, Northfield Rd., New Moston, M/c.; Miss G. Simpson, 22, Albert Terr., Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent; D. Smith, York House, St. Thomas St., Weymouth; E. Sproson, 43, Dudley Rd., Sedgley, nr. Dudley; L. Sword, 19, Eleanor Terr., Tyne Dock, S. Shields; Mrs. H. E. Symonds, 47, Mile St., Bideford; Mrs. M. Taylor, The Dicq, Jersey; E. Thorne, 3, Clinton Terr., Barnstaple; J. Titley, 45, St. Barnabas Rd., Leicester; H. Tudor, 38, Harrowby St., Park Way, L'pool.; G. S. Tungate, 5, St. Cross Rd., Winchester; A. E. Tyrrell, 179, Birchfield Rd., Northampton; A. R. Watts, 399, Anglesey Rd., Burton-on-Trent; Mrs. L. Wicks, 178, Dalmally Rd., Croydon; J. Wicks, 26, Carlos St., Godalming; E. Williams, 7, Matlock Villas, Chesterton Rd., Sparkbrook, B'ham.; E. B. Wren, 7, E'm Cotts., Lairs, Plymouth.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 538 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 538.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. G. WALLER,
Osborne Commercial Hotel, Lowerhead Row, Leeds.

Example:—NOT SURPRISING
Bullet:—INSOMNIA FOLLOWING "MIDDAY NAPS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. H. LLOYD, 118, Woodland Terrace, Sebastopol, Griffiths Town, Mon.

Example:—TIME WILL TELL
Bullet:—Is "HASTINGS" RAMSAY'S "WATERLOO?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. J. MUNRO, Schoolhouse, Richarton, Stonehaven.
Example:—TIRED OF LIFE
Bullet:—LEAVE TOWN—NOT WORLD.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. G. ROUS, 1, Ryefield Terrace, Golcar, near Huddersfield.
Example:—WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD
Bullet:—DIVORCE BETTER THAN DECEIT.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. J. REDMOND, 14, Elgin Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin.
Example:—RUINOUS
Bullet:—LAW'S COST—CAUSE LOST.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

G. BROOK, 18, St. Paul's Road, Withington, Manchester, HER ROMANCE—COMING LATE—SHE'S EARLY.
R. H. BUNBURY, Bank Top House, Holmbridge, Nr. Huddersfield. FILM BABY—BUNTING, DADDY DOLLAR HUNTING.
C. DOWERS, 6, Creighton Avenue, East Ham, E. ONE OF US—FILLS VACANCY—REST, THOROUGHFARE. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
W. H. KIELY, "Abbots Leigh," Hermitage Road, St. Johns, Woking. URGENT—COVERING POSTERS AFTER ELECTION.
B. LANGLEY, 21, Harriet Street, Hr. Broughton, Manchester. WHAT IS THE DOLE?—TOURNIQUET ROUND NATION'S NECK.
O. MASON, Beverley House, Sea Street, Herne Bay. HER ROMANCE—NEVER DIED—HE DID.
F. PITT, 12, Ryecroft Street, Gloucester. WHAT IS THE DOLE?—UMBRELLA FOR MAN OVERBOARD.
Mrs. RUSSELL, 17, Leigham Terrace, Citadel Road, Plymouth. WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD—SORRY WE SCRAPPED ARMAMENTS.
H. WALL, Scholars Lane, Stratford-on-Avon. EQUALITY—MANY CLAIM WITHOUT CLIMB.
J. WEST, Runnymede Road, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne. WHAT THE COOK SAID—"MY *Sister's* HELMET, MUM!" (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

R. BINNIE, Albion Cottage, Avonbridge, Stirlingshire. EXASPERATING—TO CREDITOR, COLLECTING EXCUSES.
E. BUDGETT, 1, Bryn Road, Glyncorrwg, Port Talbot. OUR WORST ENEMY—ISN'T WEALTH—BUT POVERTY
T. S. FAIRBAIRN, 7, Holmend, Moffat, Dumfriesshire. WHAT THE COOK SAID—RAISING LORGNETTE—"WHAT, KIPPERS!"
W. HALLIDAY, 2, Union Street South, Halifax. TIME WILL TELL—IT "SNEAKS ON US."
J. NOBLE, 134, High Street, Portobello, N.B. EXASPERATING—THREADBARE CLOTHING—IDLE LOOMS.
W. A. POOLE, 49, Green Lanes, Bilston, Staffs. NEVER TEMPTED—SPIDER TOWARDS BALLOT-BOX.
J. A. SAUNDERS, 15, Gwendoline Street, Merthyr Tydfil. GETTING ON NICELY—TEAM WASN'T—REFEREE IS.
P. SHINGLER, Bank House, Goostrey, Cheshire. FILM BABY—WRITES REMINISCENCES—THEN ALPHABET.
H. SMALLBONE, 253, Godstone Rd., Whyteleafe, Surrey. FILM BABY—BUT PUBLICITY AGENT WASN'T.
Mrs. C. M. WHITE, 21, Hillcrest Avenue, Leeds. CHANGE OF TONE—TOMMY ANSWERING ABSENTEE'S NAME.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

J. W. Alexander, c/o Mackay, 40, Ship St., Brighton; W. Andrews, 30, Abercairn Rd., Streatham, S.W.; W. Ansell, Dromenagh Gdns., Iver Heath, Uxbridge; R. W. Atkin, 2, Ravensfield St., Denaby Main, nr. Rotherham; W. Bagley, 14, Bellhag Rd., Walkley, Sheffield; Miss A. Barker, 17, White Horse Lane, London, E.; Miss A. Bedford, The Green, Oldham; J. W. Bellingham, 19, St. John's Sq., Burslem; Mrs. L. Bennett, 1159, Argyle St., Glasgow; W. A. Bone, Garton End, Peterborough; A. B. Bonnin, Wyresdale, Hare St., Romford; Miss E. Brooke, 10, New Lane, Sherburn-in-Elmet; Miss N. Brown, 5, Brunel Av., Devonport; W. J. Bruford, 10, Mortimer Rd., Bournemouth; B. Cartwright, Oakmead Nurseries, Stevenage, Herts; O. Caston, 8, Paulton St., Chelsea, S.W.; T. Cave, 115, Station Rd., Langley Mill, Notts; A. Chappin, c/o 5, Yew Terr., Aldbury, nr. Tring; Mrs. A. Chitty, Hazelhurst Cott., St. Helen's Ore, nr. Hastings; C. Cleal, Organ Cott., Exmouth St., Cheltenham; F. Cole, 14, Mill Bridge, Hertford; W. Cooper, 166, Beresford St., Moss Side, M/c.; Mrs. W. H. Cornhill, 64, Borstal St., Borstal; W. C. Court, 14, Clarence Road, Walmer, Kent; F. N. Crabbe, Mayfield Rd., Cowes; V. Cross, 107, Union St., Desborough, nr. Mkt. Harborough; J. Dalzell, 751, Dumbarton Road, Dalmuir, N.B.; J. M. Dobbie, 45, Bridge St., Leith, N.B.; A. Drury, Mental Hospital, Wadsley, Sheffield; E. H. Elkins, 50, Park Road, Norwood, S.E.; Miss L. E. Ellis, 11, Sternhold Av., Streatham Hill, S.W.; E. S. Evans, 1, Kinmeridge, Corfe Castle; A. Farr, c/o Mrs. Kirke, 19, Manchester Rd., Blackpool; S. J. Folkard, 50, Spitalfields Rd., Norwich; R. Forder, 22, Castle St., Ruthin, N. Wales; W. Gould, Crouchley, Lymm, Ches.; H. Harmsworth,

(Continued in next column).

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 540.

AFTER THE ELECTION
HOME AFFAIRS
OUR NEW MEMBER
FIREWORKS
MAN AT THE WHEEL
WINSTON CHURCHILL
THE PRINCE'S SMILE
BEFORE THE DAWN
HAPPY FAMILY
WHEN ROAD'S UP
A NURSERY
IN THIS WORLD
OBLIGING NEIGHBOUR
CASTLES IN THE AIR
AWKWARD QUESTION
ALARMING
TRADE WINDS
WHAT THE LAWYER SAID
LASTS A LIFETIME
BY HERSELF
THE NEXT MOVE
SMART SALESMAN
ADAM AND EVE
TO MY WIFE
MAN'S SUPERIOR
PUNISHING HUBBY
I WONDER WHEN
ONCE A YEAR
SHATTERED DREAMS
WITH A SOB
FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE
MY DOCTOR
MIXED CREW
BACHELOR DAYS
HISTORY
LOVE'S SWEET SONG
NO PARTY
CALLING FOR ANOTHER
COMING OF AGE
WHAT IS AN ELECTION?

16, Hutton Terr., Eccleshill, Bradford; W. Harris, 72, Rosendale Rd., London, S.E.; E. Hellard, 82, The Grove, Ealing; J. H. Hemingway, 38, Crane Av., Isleworth; J. S. Herod, 76, Alverstone Rd., Manor Park, E.; A. Hitchings, West End, Magor, nr. Newport, Mon.; W. H. Hodges, 71, Elm Rd., Portsmouth; T. Holiway, 8, Newport View, Leeds; Mrs. M. Holmes, St. George's, Herne Bay; R. Hope, 28, Woodlands Rd., Ilford; F. Horseman, 3, Tile Hill Lane, nr. Coventry; J. B. Hughes, 54, Barton Lane, Eccles, nr. M/c.; R. Hunter, 98, Fordwych Rd., Hampstead, N.W.; Mrs. M. Hussey, Victoria Rd., Douglas; H. Jackson, 36, Stranmillis Gdns., Belfast; J. H. Jackson, 179, Lr. Addiscombe Rd., E. Croydon (2 prizes of £1); I. James, Strathmore Villa, Swanley Junction, Kent; W. G. Johnson, 17, Evesham Rd., Stratford, E.; A. Keeton, 133, Unwin Rd., Sutton-in-Ashfield; W. Knowles, 5, Cobden St., Longsight, M/c.; C. Lambert, West End, Bradninch, Devon; Mrs. C. Lawford, Keyhaven, nr. Lymington; J. B. Lawson, 32, South Inch Terr., Perth, N.B.; F. S. Lennox, 10, St. Paul's St., Bristol; L. Livesey, 64, Hopwood St., Accrington; F. H. Marais, 12, Wild Rd., Norwich; A. McFarlane, 48, Cambridge Rd., Thornaby-on-Tees; E. T. Miller, 273, Fawcett Rd., Southsea; W. C. Milsom, 40, Lancashire Rd., Bishopston, Bristol; W. Morrill, 6, Elizabeth's Terr., Walcott St., Hull; W. V. Mumby, 2, Hilda's Av., Perth St., Hull; W. G. Oxnam, 4, Queen's Terr., Torrington; G. Parker, 19, East Hill, Colchester; F. W. Pestell, 17, Burr St., Luton; G. C. Pile, Folkingham, Lincs; J. Pitcher, 15, Portland Rd., East Grin-

(Continued on page 30.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—
Example:—THE NEXT GENERATION *Bullet*:—BETTER HALVED THAN STARVED.
Example:—THE TRUTH *Bullet*:—"LOSES WEIGHT" WITH "ADDITIONS."
Example:—WHAT ALGY SAID *Bullet*—"LET'S SEE!"—REMOVING MONOCLE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 540, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(540) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(540) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(540) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

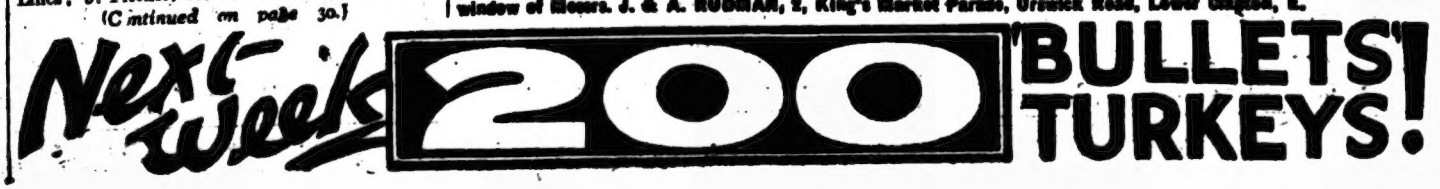
Closing Date, Thursday, November 6.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(540) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 540 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 537 can now be seen in the window of Messrs. J. & A. RUDMAN, 2, King's Market Parade, Ursuick Road, Lower Clapton, E.



New Hair Growth

Now is your chance to get Kotalko and see what it will do for YOUR HAIR. Try Kotalko if you are bald, if you have dandruff, if you are losing your hair. Legions of users report that Kotalko has succeeded when all else failed. *Good hair is priceless.*

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Mr. Jack Evans, widely known athlete, was almost entirely bald as shown in photograph. He had been losing his hair a long time, he writes, but it started growing anew when he began with Kotalko. By using only three boxes of Kotalko he obtained full growth anew, just as you see in the large photograph.

From a Photo of Miss Mary Little

Dear Sirs,—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful.

Several years ago I lost all my hair.

My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand.

I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone.

Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair grower.

(Signed) MARY LITTLE.

30,000 Test Boxes

From Photo of Mr. P. Tucker

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) P. TUCKER.

Do you know that when your hair falls out or comes out on the comb the roots DO NOT come also. They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time. Be sure to try Kotalko.

Are You Losing Hair or Bald?

You may save time by purchasing a full size box of Kotalko at a busy chemist's almost anywhere. Accept nothing else. Or if you wish, you may send threepence in stamps and receive from us a TESTING BOX of KOTALKO post paid. Please fill out the coupon or copy it on letter. Only one box for one person. Keep this advertisement. It may not appear again.

Post your Letter or Coupon to

J. HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.
2, Percy St. (53 F.F), London, W.1

Send or Copy this COUPON

Please send me post paid Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.. .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

53 F.F.

Nervous and Dyspeptic

When food disagrees, when you have no appetite, and you are nervous and run-down, take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They will restore you to perfect health.

Letter from Mrs. E. M. Sullivan

Mrs. E. M. Sullivan, of Baglan Lodge East, Briton Ferry, South Wales, writes as follows:—"As the result of a serious illness I became the victim of nervous dyspepsia. I was always afraid to eat, and for a long time suffered terribly from the complaint. I tried every remedy I could think of, but nothing gave me any relief, and I had almost come to the conclusion that it was no use my making further effort, when a friend recommended Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I had little faith in this, but I decided to try them, and I experienced relief after the first box. I continued to take them for a few months, and now I can enjoy my food. I am very thankful they were recommended to me."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neurasthenia, Nerve Pains, Headache, Indigestion, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

Get this famous British Skin Remedy

Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when ointments and other so-called remedies utterly fail. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. People whose lives were utter misery owing to cruel eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by rash, eruption, or ugly spots, victims of bad legs tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema, the wonder-worker. To-day not a single sign of skin illness remains.

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